Sport, Travel & Fiction

The BYSTANDER.

Art Literature & the Drama.

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Photo by *Ellis and Walery*

Miss Ethel Irving, the new Actress-Manager

As she appears in the new comedy, *What Pamela Wanted*, at the Criterion Theatre

No. 74.—Vol. VI.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short, witty sketches and episodes, rather than stories, of a bright, crisp, and epigrammatic nature, of about 1,000 to 1,500 words in length, are the only kind of fiction that is wanted, and preference is given to that which is light and amusing. News and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone Number is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

Amusements

APOLLO THEATRE.
HENRY LOWENFELD, Sole Proprietor.
TOM B. DAVIS, Lessee and Manager.
MR. GEORGE EDWARDES' SEASON.
EVERY EVENING, at 8.15.
VERONIQUE.
Matinée, Every Wednesday, at 2.

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"THE DANCING DOLL,"
NEW FAIRY DIVERTISSEMENT, AND MAGNIFICENT VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT. Doors 7.45.

LYRIC. Lessee, Mr. WILLIAM GREET.
Under the Management of MR. TOM B. DAVIS.
MISS MAXINE ELLIOTT'S SEASON.
Every Evening, at 8 30 (doors open 8), a New Play by Clyde Fitch, entitled,
HER OWN WAY
Matinée, Saturday next, at 2.30. Box Office now open.

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FOUR PERFORMANCES DAILY, at 12 noon, 3 o'c., 6 o'c., and 9 o'c. TWO ALTERNATE PROGRAMMES. All seats in all parts are numbered and reserved. Stamped addressed envelopes should accompany all postal applications for seats.
Telegrams: "Coliseum, London." Telephone Nos. 7689 Gerrard, for Boxes, £2 2/- and £1 1/-, 5/-, 4/-, 3/-, and 2/- seats; and 7699 Gerrard, for 1/- and 6d. seats. Children under twelve half price to all Stalls.

NAVAL, SHIPPING, AND FISHERIES EXHIBITION, EARL'S COURT.
The LORD MAYOR OF LONDON will OPEN the EXHIBITION in STATE, on SATURDAY, May 6.
Season Tickets, 10s. 6d., which entitle owner to be present at the opening ceremony, can now be obtained at the Exhibition and all libraries.
Admission on Opening Day, before 2 p.m., 2s. 6d.; afterwards, and Daily, 1s.
Open 11 a.m. to 11 p.m.
In the QUEEN'S COURT GALLERIES.
Naval Construction, Armaments, Shipping and Fishery Sections.
NELSON'S CENTENARY RELICS, and of All Naval Events from the 15th to 20th Century.
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Concerts by the BANDS of the ROYAL MARINES, 21st LANCERS, and the EXHIBITION NAVAL BAND.
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The Handy Man at Work. "WITH THE FLEET."
The Handy Man at Play. "WITH THE FLEET."
L'Entente Cordiale. "WITH THE FLEET."
Saluting the French Squadron. "WITH THE FLEET."
Gun and Cutlass Drills. Storm at Sea.
"WITH THE FLEET." LIFE IN A CRUISER.
Trafalgar 1805—Professor Fleischer's Great Work,
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Vanderdecken's Haunted Cabin. Famous Shipwrecks.
Miss de Rohan's Musical and Dramatic Sketches. Tillikum Canoe.
Auto-Photographic Portraiture. Switchback. Chutes.
EXQUISITE ILLUMINATED GARDENS.

BOOKS RECEIVED

"Mr. Asquith." By J. P. Alderson. With Five Illustrations. (Methuen: 7s. 6d. net.)

"The Soul of London." By Ford Madox Hueffer. (Alston Rivers: 5s. net.)

"Catherine Douglas." A Romance of Scotland in the Fifteenth Century. By Rachel Willard. (Jarrold: 3s. 6d. net.)

"The Jackal." A Novel. By Coulson Kernahan. (Ward, Lock: 6s.)

"Roger Trewinion." A Novel. By Joseph Hocking. Illustrated by Gunning King. (Ward, Lock: 6s.)

"The Japanese Spirit." By Y. Okakura. With an Introduction by George Meredith. (Constable: 3s. 6d. net.)

"A Guide to the Tapling Collection of Stamps and Postal Stationery in the British Museum." By F. J. Melville. Illustrated. (1s.)

"Chelsea Window Gardening." Notes on the Management of Pot Plants and Town Gardens. (Fisher Unwin: 2d.)

"A Ride to Khiva." By Colonel Burnaby. Cheap Edition. (Cassell: 6d.)

PERIODICALS

"Longman's Magazine" for May. (6d.)

"Baconiana." A Quarterly Magazine devoted to the study of the evidence in favour of Francis Bacon's authorship of the plays ascribed to Shakespeare. (Gay and Bird: 1s. net.)

"Occasional Papers." (Holywell Press, Oxford: 6d.)

"The Badminton Magazine." (1s.)

"The Quiver." (6d.)

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½d. per copy, irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

London: Wednesday

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By.

May 3, 1905

"It is a matter of regret to me," said the Lord Mayor of Liverpool last week, addressing a thousand emigrants leaving for Canada under the auspices of the Salvation Army, "that while respectable wage-earners, who ought to be a strength to England by their industry, are leaving the country, our doors are open to less worthy immigrants from other lands. . . . It would be a bad day for England if the experiment were frequently repeated." At the same moment that a contingent of the men and women that England can least afford to spare are starting out to begin life in another part of the world, we find that almost an entire county, situate at the very doors of the largest city in the world, is becoming derelict. Essex is an agricultural county, which ought to be the granary of London, and yet it is practically going to waste. Why is this? A contemporary laments the fact that Smithfield orders its beef from America, and its flour from Canada or the United States. But we are not so perverse as to prefer this arrangement. If the Smithfield importer deals with foreign meat, and the bakers with foreign flour, it is only because there is a demand for these commodities as the prices are lower.

There are many reasons for this, which we cannot enter thoroughly into now. For one thing, rent and rates are higher in England than in America or Canada. Not so much can be got out of the soil. Our climate is a drawback, and, finally, the most important of all, the business men, who look after agriculture, go to work in a different way to us. In Canada, the small farmer has practically nothing to worry about, except to harvest his wheat when it is ripe. The business man has bought his crops from him at settled rates, the business man collects and ships them. The same applies to the live-stock breeder. There is no reason why the same methods should not be adopted here. We wish some wealthy speculator would buy up the county of Essex, and build small farmhouses in every part of it. Divide his property into small holdings, and supply with each the latest agricultural implements. Then, having let these various farms to approved tenants at a small rent—or, better still, for, say, one-third of the year's produce—build also a grain elevator according to the American system. Of course, all this would cost a great deal of money, but, we believe, he would not only get every penny of it back in the long run, but find it

(CHORUS OF SPITEFUL LITTLE BOYS)—

RULE THE WAVES, DO YER? YAH! WHAT WITH?

(According to the famous naval expert "C.B.," Britain's naval supremacy is most seriously jeopardised by reason of the inefficiency of a large proportion of her guns)

John Bull: "I fancy you two gentlemen have met before"

Modern Maid: "No! No!! No!!! I simply can't—and won't!"

(Paris is discussing a po sible revival of the crinoline)

actually profitable. He could then sell the different farms to tenants who could afford to buy them, if he wished, and as his property improved, so, of course, would the values of the farms. In other words, agriculture in England can be made as paying as anywhere else in the world, if it is only managed in a business-like manner. We should dearly like to see the experiment made.

* * *

The Markyate accident, by which a small boy was killed by a motor, is still exciting a great amount of interest. Mr. Hildebrand Harmsworth's chauffeur is now in custody, and, meanwhile, the controversy rages as to who informed the police. Mr. Harmsworth says he did, but the two occupants of the car at the time, declare they did. A great deal wants clearing up, and meantime, motorists generally are being held up to public opprobrium.

* * *

From a game's point of view, the coming summer promises its full measure of interest. Cricketers have already welcomed the Australian team, which reached

MILLENNIUM MEMS.—No. 2

"That's all right, sir. You was, in a manner of speaking, positively a crawlin', and you hooted your tooter proper. No, sir, thanking you all the same. It's agin my conscience. I hope the car ain't in noways damaged. Good day, sir, and thank yer"

these shores a few days back. We know that in them we shall meet foemen worthy of our steel, and every good sportsman will wish that, in the different matches, the best side will win. County cricket does not, however, appear to be in as satisfactory a condition as its well-wishers would like. The cricket fixtures of some first-class counties are quite disproportionate to their importance. Middlesex, for instance, plays far fewer matches than Yorkshire. Surrey has refused to make fixtures this year with Somerset for some reason—of pique, it is whispered, because the latter County has engaged a young professional from the ground staff at the Oval. We believe it would be very beneficial to the County Championship if the same arrangements which work out so equitably in the Football League were made in connection with cricket. If every first-class county was bound to meet every other first-class county in a couple of matches, and at the end of the season the last two counties on the list were relegated to the second class, while the two best counties in the second class were elevated to first-class rank, it would, we believe, give a great fillip to the game, and certainly make the contests more interesting than the present arrangement.

Scene at Euston Station on the morning when one thousand emigrants left for Canada, under the auspices of the Salvation Army

* * *

In Lawn Tennis, the season promises to provide excellent sport. England still holds the Cup she wrested from America, and the Americans intend to make a bold bid for it. In a way, America has a great advantage over us in tennis. At every school and university the game is studied and played, whereas in England, for some unearthly reason, our public schools hardly condescend to be aware of its existence. Until the last few years, Oxford and Cambridge held it also in contempt, though now it is becoming more in vogue, as they realise its possibilities. It is difficult to explain this attitude about a game that is certainly second to no other outdoor pastime in all the requirements of skill. Stamina, a quick eye, good training, are all necessary before one can become anything of a player. *Apropos* of tennis, we may, perhaps, be permitted to state that this season, Mr. H. S. Scrivener, the noted referee and player, will contribute notes to THE BYSTANDER each week.

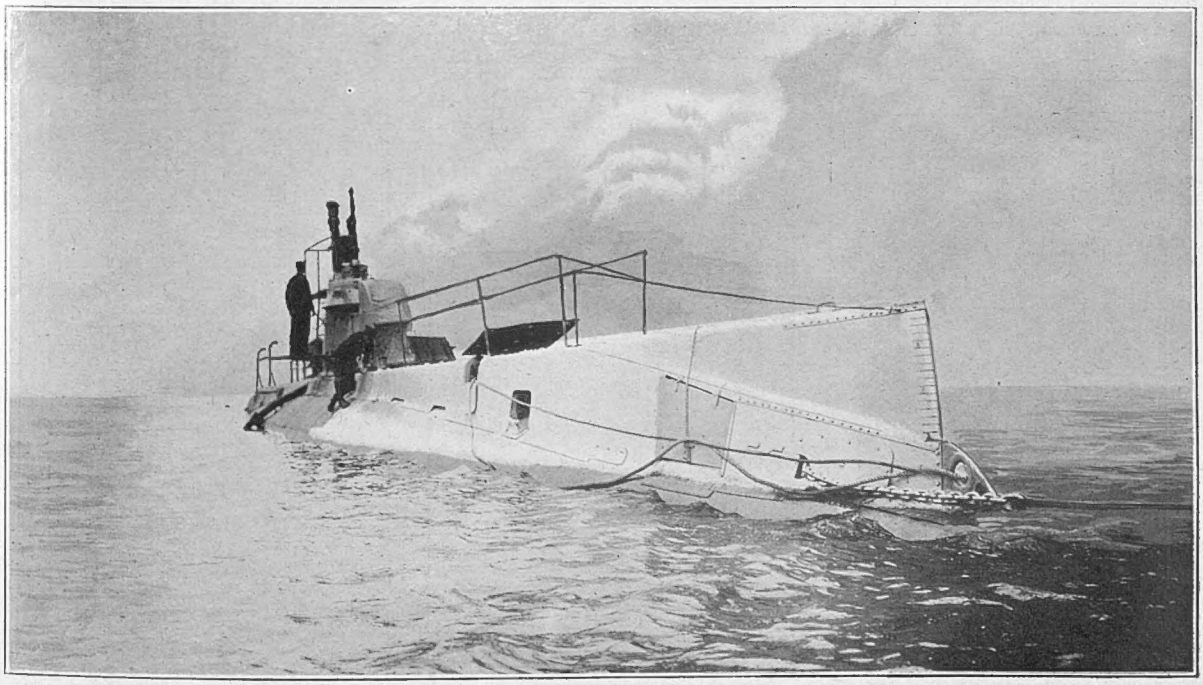


Photo by] **England's new type of big submarine, just delivered from the shipbuilders at Barrow** [*Cribb*

The above is the first of the new submarines (Class B). Note the height of the deck from the water-line, as in a torpedo boat

PEOPLE OF THE HOUR

The Duchess d'Aosta

Not the least interesting item of Queen Alexandra's cruise in the Mediterranean was the meeting of two Royal Princesses, the Duchess D'Aosta and Princess Victoria, who are known to be attached by childhood's dearest recollections. This reunion, too, had a special interest owing to the serious illness which each had undergone at a recent date. It was remarked that Princess Victoria, although not yet quite convalescent, looked more robust than the Duchess d'Aosta, whose malady was of a more complex and serious nature. The Duchess intends coming to England shortly. She has never lost her affection for her old home, nor her predilection for English country life. As Princess Hélène of Orleans, she was a noted athlete, and, together with the Duchess of Fife, set the fashion with the wheel when cycling was a novel pastime. She is an adept, too, with the rod, and can handle a gun with little less dexterity than her sister, Queen Amélie of Portugal, that acknowledged expert.

It is for none of these accomplishments, however, that the Duchess is idolised by the inhabitants of Turin, where her days are monopolised by schemes of active benevolence. Since her marriage she has worked wonders in the slums; and that her efforts have been appreciated is sufficiently demonstrated by the fact that she is styled by the poor, simply: "Our Duchess!"

H.R.H. The Duchess of Aosta

Who is a sister of the Queen of Portugal, and whose husband is a cousin of the King of Italy. The Duchess will visit England, where she has so many friends and associations, in a week or so

Sir John Aird

Evidently the firm which has for its head Sir John Aird, M.P., does not believe in taking long rests, for no sooner is the great Nile dam completed, and in good working order, than they are engaged upon another colossal engineering scheme at Hodbarrow, which is described as "pushing the sea back." Sir John, who is seventy-one, gives another shining example of what can be effected by strenuousness, for, besides taking an active interest in the great firm which bears his name, he has made himself a potent force, both in national and municipal politics. He has represented North Paddington in the Conservative interest since 1887, and afterwards became its first Mayor. Besides ably fulfilling these responsible positions, Sir John Aird is also a City of London Commissioner of Lieutenancy and a Lieut.-Colonel of the Engineer and Railway Staff Corps. He was created a Baronet in 1901, and, besides, has been decorated with the Grand Cordon of the Medjidieh.

Earl Stanhope

The new Earl Stanhope, who is better known as Lord Mahon, is in his twenty-fifth year, and is a

Photo by Olive and Katharine Edis

Sir John Aird, M.P.

The great contractor, whose latest achievement is to drive the sea back, in order that the Cumberland iron mines may be worked

Photo by H. Walter Barnett

The new Earl Stanhope

Who has just succeeded to the title and "Chevening," the beautiful country seat near Sevenoaks

Photo by Swaine

Mr. Frederic Villiers

The famous artist-correspondent, who is now on tour in England lecturing on the Russo-Japanese War

A French Orator without "Fla-Fla"

lieutenant in the Grenadiers. The title of Mahon, by the way, is not from any connection with the notorious Irish peer immortalised by Thackeray, but from Port Mahon, in the island of Minorca, which was captured in 1721 by the first Earl. The new Earl succeeds to about 12,000 acres, including Chevening, his beautiful country seat near Sevenoaks, celebrated, among other things, for its valuable collection of portraits, and its associations with the Pitts and the Duke of Wellington.

The late peer will be greatly missed, for, though he was not very prominently in the public eye, he was remarkable for his wisdom and sound, practical common sense. Everyone who met him, either on business matters or in Society, was delighted with his quiet and refined courtesy. Indeed, the story goes that, having occasion one day to talk over some business with a small tenant-farmer on his estate, the latter left the Earl's presence evidently very perturbed. "What's the matter, Jawn," asked a friend, who met him shortly afterwards, "you seems very thoughtful?" "Just seen his lordship," was the reply, "and I'm danged if I know what to make of it." "Why, what's he done?" "Done? Man alive, he was so blessed civil that you would have thought I was the landlord. *At first, I believe, he mistook me for a dook, he was that affable.*"

Photo by *Pierre Petit*

M. Delcasse, French Minister of Foreign Affairs

Who has been longer in office than any of his predecessors since the Second Empire

Baroness de Forest—Yacht Designer

Baron de Forest, who married the Hon. Ethel Gerard last year, is the adopted son of the late Baron Hirsch, the eccentric millionaire, who owned race-horses and founded Jewish settlements. Baron de Forest, whose title is an Austrian one, was educated at Eton and Christ's Church, Oxford. He is a very celebrated Alpine tobogganist, as those who read the articles on St. Moritz published in THE BYSTANDER during the winter months will remember. The Baroness is now having a new yacht built, most of the fittings of which she has herself designed. As they own a beautiful seat near Brünn, in Austria, they will no doubt use their new yacht often in going to and from Trieste, the Austrian seaport on the Adriatic.

Monsieur Théophile Delcassé, French Minister of Foreign Affairs

The two qualities which distinguish M. Delcassé's personality most strongly are his frankness of speech and the singular simplicity of his home life. In the former respect, he resembles Palmerston, whose clear-headed, business-like conceptions of what a national policy should be, when foreign questions are concerned, were also very like his own. M. Delcassé does not hold that diplomatists were solely given a tongue for the purpose of concealing their thoughts. When it is wiser to say nothing, he remains silent;

Photo by *Bassano*

Baron de Forest

Photo by *Langfier*

Baroness de Forest

Who have just had a splendid new yacht launched, most of the fittings having been designed by the Baroness

The Furniture Van in French Politics

but no French statesman speaks more plainly to the point when the opportune moment presents itself, and his speeches in Parliament are notable for their candid common sense, and the absence of all that rhetorical "*fla-fla*," which is a common fault of French political oratory.

The palace on the Quai d'Orsay, overlooking the Seine, where the Ministry of Foreign Affairs is housed, is a magnificent building, constructed in 1845, and restored, after the ravages of the Commune, in 1871, but the present Minister does not live there. He prefers the more modest surroundings of his own flat, in the Boulevard de Clichy, to the gilded halls and priceless Gobelins tapestries of the official residence. Moreover, when M. Delcassé first became Foreign Minister, in 1898, so many Cabinets had come and gone in such rapid succession during the three previous years, that it may have seemed to him almost like tempting Providence to undertake the expense and trouble of an elaborate household removal to the Quai d'Orsay, when, perhaps, in a few weeks or months all his private belongings would have to be moved out again. The abnormal activity of the furniture van in French politics was beginning to be a little ridiculous. However, in spite of forebodings, M. Delcassé has remained longer in office than any other French Foreign Minister since the fall of the Second Empire. His home in the boulevard is simple and modest as himself; its surroundings are those of a frugal, but well-to-do Frenchman of the cultured class, heaps of books and furniture of a good, solid French style. Brought up in the almost monastic traditions of a French provincial *lycée*, he contents himself with six hours' sleep, never more, and rises very early. His wife, who was the widow of the famous statesman, Armand of Ariège, and two charming children, a boy and a girl, constitute his family. Their photographs, by the way, have never been published, and are practically unobtainable.

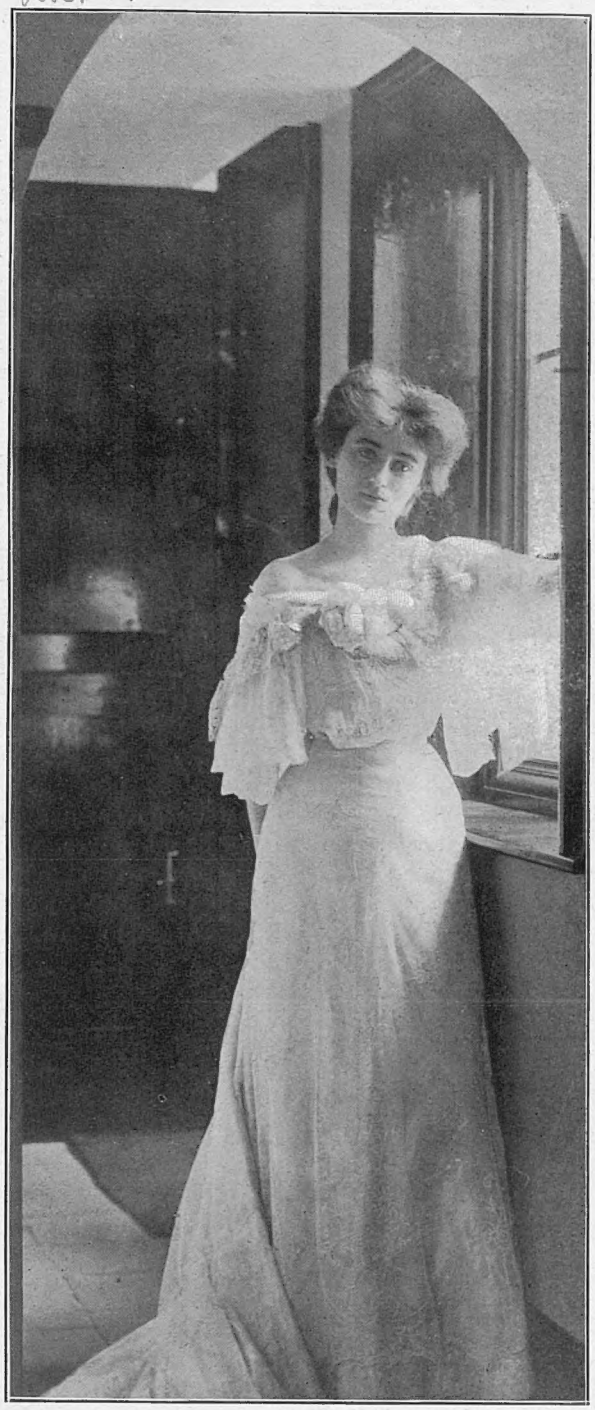


Photo by *Olive and Katharine Edis*

Lady Herbert Scott (nee Miss Marie Edwardes)

Who was married, on April 26, to Lord Herbert Douglas Scott, D.S.O., the son of the Duke of Buccleuch. Miss Edwardes is a relative of Mr. George Edwardes

Mr. Frederic Villiers

Mr. Frederic Villiers, the well-known artist war-correspondent, is again touring England delivering lectures on his experiences while with the forces in the Russo-Japanese war.

Mr. Villiers has, probably, been through more fighting and campa gns than any other correspondent alive. His first appearance as an artist war-correspondent was made when he was sent out to Servia by *The Graphic*, in 1876, and from that time onward he has seen service in nearly every war that has been fought. He has since become well known in England, America, and Canada, as a lecturer on all topics dealing with war and travel. He was the first correspondent to use the cinematograph camera on the field of battle, and was also the first man to use a cycle during a campaign.

When lecturing, he always appears before the audience in his campaigning clothes. He stands on the platform, and tells his story in the simplest manner. He does not neglect the light side of his campaigns, his lectures being enlivened by humorous little anecdotes about officers and men with whom he has marched and lived.

Miss May Hezlet

Miss May Hezlet is in magnificent form just now, judging by her latest performances at Barnehurst and Ranelagh, where, in both cases, she carried all before her. It seems only the other day that the ladies' golfing world was astonished by the carrying off of the main event of the ladies' season, the Ladies' Championship, by a young girl in short frocks. That was

Lord and Lady de Grey

Lord and Lady de Grey and their six-cylinder Napier

Lady de Grey, who is such a prominent figure in the world of music, has long been a most enthusiastic motorist

six years ago, and since then, Miss Hezlet repeated her win in 1902 at Deal, and was runner-up to Miss Dodd at Troon last year. All these achievements, coupled with her recent successes, constitute an extremely fine record for such a young player, and we shall, no doubt, see many more prizes fall to her conquering clubs. Miss Hezlet, like so many others in the world of sport, has literary gifts, and has contributed several articles to THE BYSTANDER on her favourite sport.

Mr. Rider Haggard

Mr. Rider Haggard has just returned to London, after his three months' tour in the United States and Canada as Commissioner of the British Government

Rider Haggard and Canadian Emigration

to report on the Salvation Army farm colonies in both countries.

Mr. Haggard is enthusiastic about the possibilities of Canada as affording a career for England's superfluous population. He journeyed first to the United States, going right across to California, and then passing along to the North. The United States, for the purposes of his mission, did not impress him as Canada did.

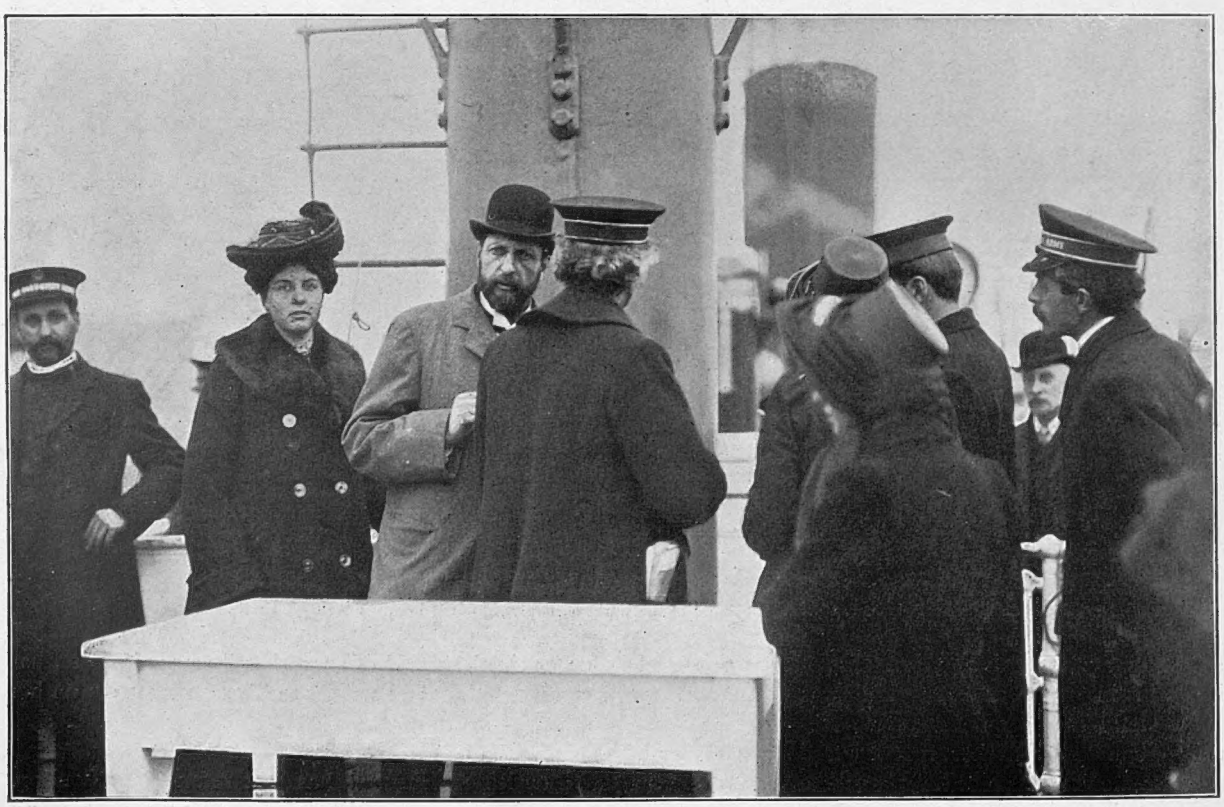
Canada (he said to an interviewer) is a great country—of that there can be no sort of doubt. It has splendid soil, a healthy climate, ample watercourses, and good means of communication. And to think that last year one hundred thousand English people emigrated to the United States, which did not want them! Of course, I don't like the idea of people leaving England; but if they must go, let them go to Canada, which presents a splendid opening for them. Isn't that far better than that they should remain huddled together in the slums of this country — paralysed by unemployment? To-day we have seen a party of emigrants start, and I have noted what a good work is being done by the Salvation Army in the way of emigration; but there is need for the shifting of population to be organised on a far wider scale.

Photo by *Miss Woods*

Miss May Hezlet

The well-known lady golfer, who twice won the Ladies' Championship

Mr. John Foster Fraser, whose very interesting book on "Canada As It Is" has just been published by Messrs. Cassell and Co., says the same thing, and laments that Canada is gradually attracting the very flower of the working classes from this country, whose places are being taken by the undesirable alien—a good thing for Canada, but not a cheery look-out for us. Mr. Haggard, curiously enough, arrived back just in time to wish "God speed" to one thousand emigrants sent out by the Salvation Army, who are the best emigration agents the Canadian Government could wish to have. Our photograph shows Mr. Haggard chatting with Commissioner Booth-Tucker just before the liner — the *Vancouver*— sailed.



The Salvation Army as Emigration Agents: Mr. Rider Haggard goes to see one thousand emigrants start for Canada

Mr. Rider Haggard is seen chatting with Commissioner Booth-Tucker. The lady on the left of the illustration is Miss Haggard the novelist's daughter

THE VOLUNTEER NAVY UP TO DATE

Photo by *Coste*

The London Company of the Royal Naval Volunteers (H.M.S. Buzzard), on the march at Eastbourne

The naval volunteers, whose establishment made such a stir in the metropolis, underwent their first annual training this Easter at Eastbourne, whither they went by train. The turn out was not so good as might have been expected. Probably a cruise, when it can be organised, will have greater attractions for the men

THE ROYAL NAVY UP TO DATE

Photo by *Cr.bb*

Floating Coal Depot "No. I": Hauling coal on deck of a supposed steamer in the recent trials at Portsmouth

The coal-handling equipment designed and equipped by the Temperley Transporter Company, of London, for the British Admiralty, consists of twelve Transporters operated by electricity generated on board the vessel, and eighty bag-filling chutes underneath the coal hoppers. The Transporters are carried on four travelling towers—three on each—which move along rails on deck to any required position for work. About 600 tons of coal in bags can be discharged per hour to war vessels alongside the depôt

"How a Great Newspaper is Produced"

(N.B.—Rough draft of an advertisement which will appear in every paper in the United Kingdom directly the proprietors have settled upon a date for the production of their new journal)

When readers lay down the *Evening Telegraph and St. John's Gazette*, and say, "How bright and newsy the paper is to-night," they little know what herculean labours its production has involved. Representatives of the *E.T. and St. J.G.* are to be found on camel-back in African deserts, in diving bells in far Eastern Seas, in the coal pits of Wigan, the House of Commons, the Sultan's Harem, and the Cork Pig Market. The thunderbolt has been tamed specially to serve the purposes of the *E.T. and St. J.G.*, and myriads of messages flash over the wires every hour. A legion of bright telegraph boys dash with the messages to the office, and yet, even then, the great work of producing the paper has to be begun.

On this great journal there is a staff of ninety-six sub-editors. All know several languages, and some can even write their own. Each has his special subject; the hair-restorer expert sits side by side with the military expert, and the authority on Austrian politics shares the inkpot of the special dog sub-editor. But let us illustrate the process of sub-editing by an example. A telegram arrives at the office from our Formosan correspondent, "No news Togo Formosa." It is handed from one sub-editor to another. The Turkish, Armenian, Persian, and Pushto sub-editors can make nothing of it. Then the Japanese sub-editor gets it, and explains that the word "Togo" represents a Japanese admiral. This difficult point being settled, the cablegram returns to the chief sub-editor for expansion. Cablegrams make very poor reading unless expanded. This is how it leaves the expert expander: "No (little astonishment has been caused here by the) news (that Admiral) Togo (to-day sank the Baltic Fleet off) Formosa." Then the naval sub-editor writes a special note on the naval situation. The Russian sub-editor describes Russian feeling at the news of the catastrophe. The comic sub-editor composes two new jokes on the name Togo. The poetic sub-editor bursts into rhyme, "Toll for the brave, Rodjestvensky is no more." And the stop-press sub-editor prepares a little notice, "Rumour of Engagement off Formosa unconfirmed." But even when the news has been compared and checked and verified, much remains to be done. Printers are always making errors, and the worried deputy-chief-assistant-sub-editor is faced, at the last moment, with proofs of this kind:—

"CZRK MARKET.—Price of good pygs, 8/6 lb."

With acuteness due to long practice, he detects three errors in this short report. Cork is not spelt with a "z," nor pigs with a "y," and there is an absurd overstatement of the price of pork. Three strokes of the pen, and it reads:—

"CORK MARKET.—Price of good pigs, 8/- lb."

After this insight into the extraordinary labour which is necessary to produce the modern paper, have you no admiration for the enterprise which surmounts all obstacles, and places before you a bright, breezy paper of high literary tone, and unequalled as an advertising medium, at the absurd price of one halfpenny? Can you wonder that readers rush headlong to tear the paper from the bookstalls, and that the block of would-be advertisers outside our offices occasions serious complaints from the City police?

The Great Exhibition at Liège: One of the principal facades

"The Universal and International Exhibition," intended to commemorate the seventy-fifth anniversary of the Belgian National Independence, was opened at Liège on Thursday last in the presence of Prince and Princess Albert of Belgium. King Leopold is to visit the exhibition in May, when it will be in full working order. The exhibition, which has cost £1,200,000, contains exhibits representing the very latest developments in the worlds of science, art, and invention. Canada has taken advantage of the exhibition to justify her claim to be "the granary of the world," while Great Britain, though late in the field, is well represented. Liège is only a nine hours' run from Charing Cross, and Spa, the well-known resort, is but an hour more by train

THE PRIZEWINNER

AFFLUENT UNCLE: "Now, Jack, name three minerals, and I'll give you sixpence for a prize"

JACK *(promptly)*: "Lemonade, soda water, ginger beer"

Random Jottings

Putting Back the Clock

"The Tsar has again announced that it is his unswerving determination to convene a Representative Assembly as soon as possible." This declaration has, we understand, given considerable disappointment to those reformers who thought that a Representative Assembly really would be summoned shortly.

A New Peril

The *China Review*—much quoted of late—has supplied one of the strongest reasons why peace between Russia and Japan should be brought about by stating that, as a result of the war, sharks have migrated from the Far East to European waters. If this is so, it is an intolerable state of affairs, and one that the authorities at Margate—with all their experience in the suppression of Mixed Bathing—will find it hard to grapple with.

Possible Deterrents

It seems that sharks dislike the noise of battle, and that is why they are making their way West. Perhaps, however, by the time the voracious creatures have arrived outside some of our more crowded seaside resorts, they will find that the noise of peace can be fairly audible, and will be deterred from stopping, at any rate, for long. Particularly, if there is a local brass band on the pier.

Photo by *Advance Agency*

London's latest "Lung"

The movement for providing open spaces has resulted in a strange metamorphosis in St. Pancras Churchyard. The churchyard has been turned into a playground for children, and the authorities, with debatable ideas as to the fitness of things, have grouped the tombstones into a species of rockery!

An Exchange of Courtesies

Last week saw a considerable strengthening of the *entente cordiale*. "The Marylebone sewermen," says a contemporary, "who were conducted over the Sewers of Paris, came back filled with admiration for the joyous city." It is only fair to mention that they also visited Versailles.

The Waste Of It

We, in our turn, had been entertaining the Paris butchers. It is understood that their appreciation of our methods, though considerable, was distinctly tempered by the reflection that so much excellent meat was lost to the world, owing to our prodigal method of feeding cats. As somebody wrote in the *Times* the other day, we have much to learn from foreign countries.

The Fashion in Phrases

"Still, there was a refreshingly genuine spirit about the whole thing." This, quoted from a critique of Mr. Lewis Waller's "Romeo," reminds us how phrases, like Army Reforms and ladies' apparel, have their vogue. A little time ago, the right phrase for a good thing was "delightfully strenuous." President Roosevelt was delightfully strenuous. He still is. Strenuous were Mr. Chamberlain's views on Tariff Reform, and Mr. Kipling's verses, and the Kaiser, and stories about the Klondyke, and even Mr. Brodrick's scheme of Army Corps

Exempli Gratia

Now the thing to aim at is to be "refreshingly genuine." The art of being refreshingly genuine is not easy to describe, but it deserves study. Sociologically considered, it is a return to simplicity and a modest outlook. Mr. Barrie's plays are refreshingly genuine. So are Mr. Arnold-Forster's views on the subject of the Militia. So, perhaps, is Mr. Balfour's golf. Not his politics—which may be genuine, but are not refreshingly so.

A Moral Gossip

While on the subject of words and phrases, we should like to call attention to the growing tendency to pervert the words "curious" and "curiosity." A few days ago, for instance, a gentleman pointed a loaded revolver at a friend, pulled the trigger (in fun), and—the revolver happening to be loaded—shot the friend in the leg. The friend said, "You have shot me," fell back, was taken to the hospital, and had the bullet extracted. This tolerably obvious concatenation of events was described in the reports as "A Curious Revolver Accident."

THE JOURNEY'S END

"Can you direct me to Redbridge, please?"

"Yes, go down the 'ill to the "Anchor," then straight on to the "Swan," round to yer left to the "King's 'ead," and—I ain't been no furder than that"

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD

Consistency of the Revolver

The curiousness is, to say the least, very limited. Revolvers, if loaded and fired, have a habit of going off. To aim them, moreover, at a person, tends to make the penetration of that person—or of some other person standing in the neighbourhood—a consistent, if unexpected, incident. The falling back, transport to hospital, etc., follow, more or less, as a matter of course. It is a mere affair of cause and effect.

A Misdescription

Still more unjustifiable than the above was the headline, "Penalty for Curiosity," used in a somewhat similar case, where a man whose revolver had jammed began to examine it, with the result that it went off into the body of another

The Red Indians who are to appear at Earl's Court Exhibition

The representatives of the various North American Indian tribes, who, for a season, are to make their camp near the Great Wheel at Earl's Court, will not seek to portray the sensational side of Indian life. Their intention is rather to represent the life and industries of the Red Man, and to give visitors a chance of studying their tribal ceremonies and customs. The majority speak English (or American) quite fluently, having been educated on the Reservations

adjacent friend. Why curiosity? It was the scientific spirit that made the man examine into his revolver. A man has a right to examine into his revolver, if it jams. It is almost his duty to do so. Of course, his friend need not stand exactly in the line of fire while the owner of the weapon is examining it. But it is unfair to assume that it was curiosity, even on the part of the friend. It may only have been carelessness, which is something quite different. Most of us are not curious enough.

Legislation by Advertisement

If we were curious enough—to turn to quite another subject—we should be much more interested than we appear to be in something that is now coming a good deal to the front—namely, the attempt to procure legislation by advertisement. The Tariff Reformers began it. The Anti-Tea Duty people followed suit. And now Boots Cash Chemists seem to be bent on testing it in the matter of the Bill promoted by the Pharmaceutical Society, "professedly," as the advertisers say, "for the regulation of the sale of poisons," but in reality to cripple and annoy Companies trading as Cash Chemists.

Municipal Chemists

It is impossible to go into the rights of this particular case here. Medicines are very nice for those that like them, and the argument that those who want them should be able to get them cheaply, sounds reasonable enough, until we remember that one man's medicine is another man's poison, and that some people will even poison themselves if they can do it at a sufficiently moderate cost. Personally, we are inclined to think that Municipalities might very well take over the sale of drugs. Money should not be made too largely out of people's ills for one thing, and, for another, ill people are often very exacting, and would keep the Councillors up to the mark.

The Coming Method

The point we would rather refer to is the really novel way in which advertisement is being used to influence public opinion. Suppose the Aliens' Bill were equally well advertised! Suppose Mr. Brodrick had been at liberty to advertise that Cap! Suppose that, even now, Mr. Arnold-Forster could advertise his ideas of an Army, instead of having to keep it a secret! Very soon, if we are right, this method of advertising legislative ambitions will be a commonplace.

From Abroad

ALGIERS, RECENTLY VISITED BY THE KING

A corner of the Botanical Gardens, Algiers

Entrance to the Hotel St. George, Algiers

Algiers, in the neighbourhood of which the King and Queen have paid such an extended visit, although so close to Europe, is, in reality, classed among French "colonial possessions." Founded about a thousand years ago by an Arab chief, the town consists of two distinct parts, the upper consisting of native dwellings rising up towards the Kasbah or palace of the deys, which crowns a precipitous hill; and the lower town sloping downwards to the seashore, containing the principal streets, with their fine official

General view of Algiers, taken from the native quarter of the town

Driving a bargain with an Arab on the terrace of the Hotel St. George, Algiers

residences and hotels. The picturesque Arabic simile for Algiers is "a diamond set in emeralds," and the European visitor, once under its spell, will hardly disagree. It is not many years since a visit to Algiers, Morocco, or Tunis called up picturesque memories of pirates and slave dhows, and anybody who visited these North African resorts was accounted a traveller of repute, and was expected, as a natural result, to issue a volume of travels. But now all this is changed, and Algiers gains increasing repute, both among travellers and health-seekers. Essentially French in its amusements, Algiers has a good State theatre in receipt of a subsidy, balls and concerts are organised by the French residents, and, also, Algiers has its Carnival, in which Arabs and negroes join in their thousands in the torchlight processions. Algiers offers few attractions to the sportsman, though there is good fishing off the coast. To a resident, one of the principal amusements consists of shopping in the bazaars; this can be enjoyed to the full at Algiers in the native quarter, which is quite unmarred by European influences of any sort

The subsidised State Theatre at Algiers

TIMGAD

"The African Pompeii"

King Edward, the busiest of monarchs, had to curtail his visit to Algiers, and was unable to follow out his original programme, and visit Timgad, which, for general interest and preservation, rivals Pompeii, and for extent and beauty of situation, far excels it. "The African Pompeii" lies at the foot of the Aures Mountains, sixty miles due south of Constantine, whence King Edward sailed to Sardinia, *en route* for Marseilles and Paris to meet President Loubet.

General view of Timgad

The African Pompeii, as Timgad is called, although less visited than its Italian rival, excels it both in size and in beauty of situation

The history of Timgad takes us back to the reign of Trajan, who rewarded the famous 30th Legion for their successful expedition against the Parthians by establishing them here in the midst of a vast and fertile country, and also in a position of great military importance from which they could suppress the risings of the neighbouring mountain tribes.

The city was at its zenith of prosperity at the latter half of the second, and during the third, century.

After the accession of Constantine, it became the hot-bed of schisms and religious wars, which weakened the Roman power, and rendered the city an easy prey to the Vandals.

The Macellum (Market Place), Timgad

Timgad was founded by Trajan, who established the famous 30th Legion here as a reward for their services in the expedition against the Parthians

Its history during and under their domination is obscure, and we hear nothing of it till Solomon, the successor of Belisarius, found it destroyed by the Berbers in 533.

The Byzantines rebuilt the citadel, and for another century Thamugadi enjoyed prosperity and peace. A Christian church—the extensive ruins of which still exist—was built by Gregory, the last Byzantine governor, who was killed when his army was defeated by Abd-Allah ibn-Sad, Pasha of Egypt.

In 698 the Byzantine armies were totally annihilated by the Arab Kaled, and Timgad disappears from history till recent years, when, under the directions of the French Government, excavations were commenced in 1890. Since 1896 they have been carried on with great energy, wide streets, spacious squares, and numerous inscriptions have been rescued from the sand of the desert and the débris of centuries, and the citizen of another great empire can now look down from the fortress in awe and wonder on the outpost of Rome in the wilderness.

The Theatre at Timgad

The excavations at Timgad have been carried out under the direction of the French Government, and the ruins of a magnificent Roman City have been unearthed

Nothing in Europe stimulates the imagination, or brings home her departed glory, like this city of Trajan. To wander through the deserted streets by the light of an African moon, with the richly carved capitals of the flanking columns sharply silhouetted against the sky; to sit on the cool marble seats of the theatre; to pass through the black shadows it casts under the huge and splendid arch of the founder, the silence only broken by the cry of a jackal or the sound of one's own footsteps on pavements grooved by the chariot wheels of far-off centuries—this is an experience worth travelling many hundreds of

Street of Decumanus Maximus at Timgad

Since 1896 the excavations have been carried on with the vigour inspired by enthusiasm, and many wide streets and spacious squares of this outpost of Rome in the wilderness have been rescued from oblivion

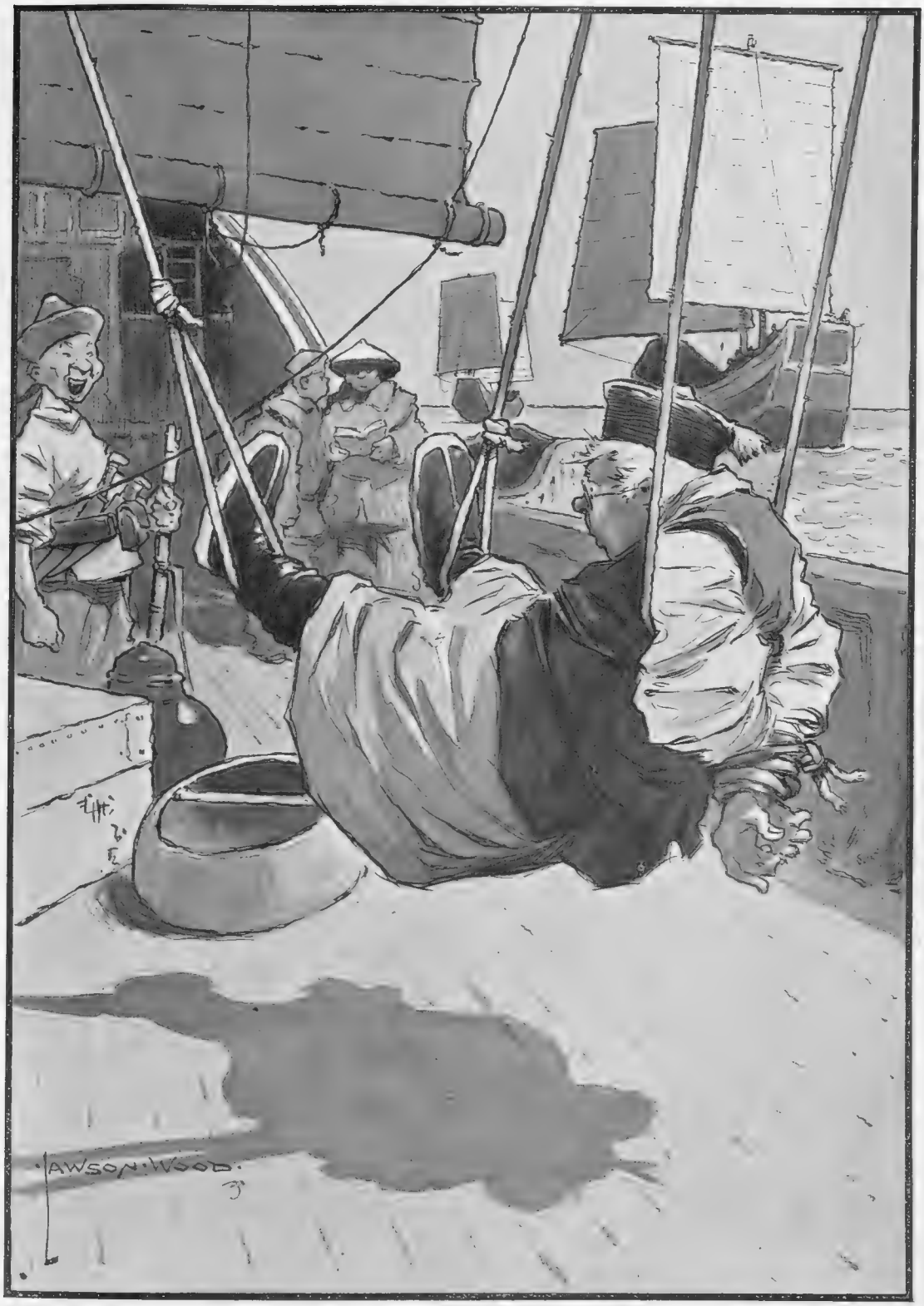
miles to gain, worth being immured for many hours in slow and stuffy Algerian trains—the inevitable preliminary — worth the long drive from Batna, and a couple of nights passed in primitive inns. Indeed, no hardship (beyond early rising!) need be undergone in order to visit Timgad, and yet, partly because it is comparatively little known in England, and partly because it is off the beaten track of the health and sun-seekers who frequent Algeria each winter, they pass by one of the finest cities of antiquity which has been preserved to this generation.

The Forum and Arch of Trajan at Timgad

Timgad well repays the visitor for all the discomforts of the journey thither. These usually arise from having to lodge at somewhat primitive inns after leaving the train at Batna, yet the traveller who wishes to see something worth while off the beaten track—and who does not?—will find it at Timgad

MR. BIFF'S TRAVELS WITH A GUIDE-BOOK

PICTURED IN WEEKLY CHAPTERS BY LAWSON WOOD



Chapter XII.—ON A PIRATE JUNK

"They rescued me from the cannibals, so I'd better pay the ransom after all"

CONCERNING LORD HAWKE

(NO. 74 OF THE SERIES)

The seventh Baron Hawke is on the water, having disposed of his affairs in India, and should be among us again in good time to lead Yorkshire to the field for the twenty-second year in succession. No captain in England is more popular, or has done more for the game. The raising of his County club from a membership of 180 to a membership of over 3,000 is one of the little details of his consulate, and Yorkshire's six championships in ten years form a record on which he has a right to be proud.

That the present peer should be one of the most famous dry-bobs in the world is, no doubt, due to that swinging of Time's pendulum of which the late Lord Salisbury used to speak: for until Lord Hawke's cricketing career began, the family and title were principally known in connection with the great Admiral who, hoisting his flag on the *Royal George*, sailed to find the French in 1759, and "did bang Mounseer Conflang" in the unparalleled action of Quiberon Bay. "It was a miracle," wrote Hawke to his Aunt Sal, in a letter still kept by his collateral descendant, "half our ships were not on shore."

Such experience of the sea as Lord Hawke has had has been almost entirely gained in the pursuit of cricketing honours or of big beasts. He was playing the game in Australia when he heard of his accession to the title on his father's death, in 1887. He has gone cricketing to the West Indies, twice to India, twice to South Africa, and twice to the United States and Canada. At Ottawa he took part in a match that was played in the snow, and he remembers vividly a match at Bombay in 1892, when his team beat the Parsees' eleven by seven runs only. He has also enjoyed, on his travels, the odd experience of being beaten by an American eleven.

His hunting is sometimes done on a rather elaborate scale. In 1892, he and two friends set out with a train of forty elephants and twenty camels for a four months' shoot about the feet of the Himalayas. The bag included thirteen tigers. On another expedition, Lord Hawke got nine tigers all to himself. After that he decided that he had got enough tigers, and he has not been after them since.

At his place, Wighill Park, in the West Riding, Lord Hawke can hunt, after our own less magnificent manner, as often as six days a week if he wants to; and he does, as a rule, hunt three or four days in the season. He has a billiard-room there that is a museum of mementoes and curiosities of cricket, including the ball with which Yorkshire got Notts all out for the remarkable score of thirteen runs.

The early youth of Lord Hawke was planned upon the usual lines. He went to Eton, where he dallied with football, even to the extent of being captain of the game, and acquired the essentials of his cricketing style. He played twice against Harrow. At Magdalene, Cambridge, he played for his University three times, and was captain in 1885. He has been a pillar of cricket ever since, and will be, no doubt, for many years after he has ceased to play for Yorks.

He is one of the distinguished bachelors we still have going about, and Commander the Hon. Stanhope Hawke, his brother, who follows the profession of the founder of the title, is the heir to it.

UP COUNTRY

There's a bit of a rush in the High Street, a stir in the Market Square—
Kaffirs agape on the sidewalk—eager to jostle and stare—
And out of the raw tin Station the jovial Khakis come,
With Bandsman O'Thingummy knocking particular hell on the drum.

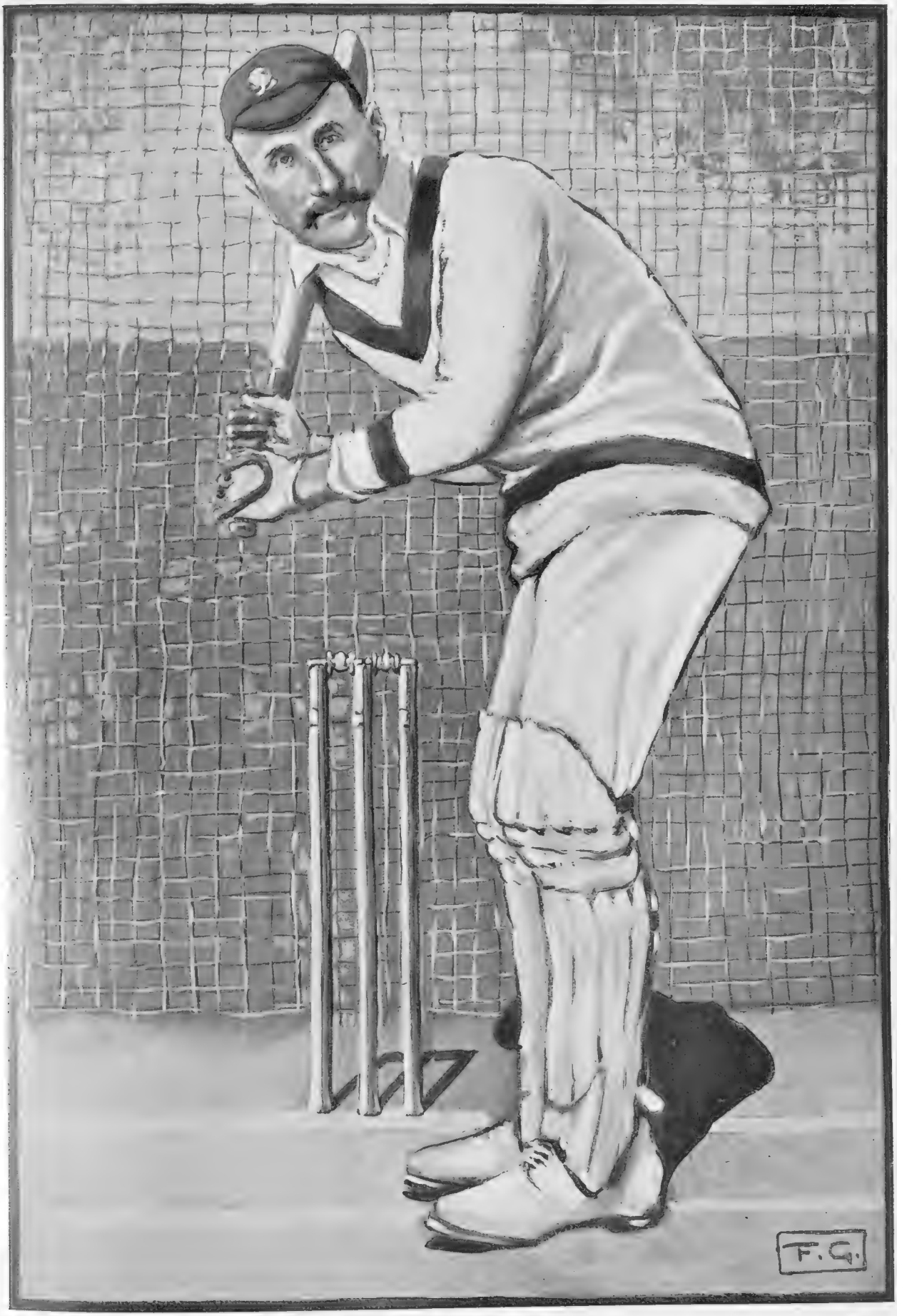
It's only some bally old escort for some old Commissioner's shout—
(New waterworks opened, I fancy—fine speeches—white petticoats—stout)—
But still as they wheel and right turn in the d——d old familiar style,
I get sort of rocky inside—pra'ps swear a bit hard for a while.

For I know the old set in the shoulder—the old bit of swing from the hips—
And there come to me thoughts and regrets I had dreamt were as dead as Eclipse—
The trees and the sky and the hedgerows—the lamp-dotted pier and the sand—
Cheapside on a Saturday morning—the ceaseless uproar of the Strand.

Good Lord! how the thought of what's past rushes over a man—even here—
Like the flood that sweeps down on the Vaal when the river's been dry for a year.
Even here—with the heat and the sand—blackwater, mosquitoes, and dust—
Where there's nothing to some of us left but the yearn for a casual bust.

And along through the ruts of the High Street—atop of the Market Square—
(Vis ons of Lords and the Oval—Kempton and Barnet Fair!)
Out of the raw tin Station the old 9th Mulligans come,
With Private O'Thingummy knocking particular hell on the drum.

LEWIS HASTINGS.



The Pride of Yorkshire

DRAWN BY FRANK GILLETT

SOCIAL VICISSITUDES

A voyage of about five days took me from Singapore to Bangkok, the capital of Siam, after a final, desultory-seeming voyage up the Menam river. A very puffing, very boilerish—if one may venture to manufacture such a word—and heat-radiating engine drove the minute launch that took me from the steamer to the hotel, "the only first-class hotel in Bangkok," as it grandiloquently styled itself. I had not been at the hotel for five minutes when the manager came up and presented me with the key of the safe! I received it, much astonished at this supreme act of confidence, which turned out to be meant as a preliminary to conversation. "Hotel-keeping is not my job," the manager confided to me. "I'm a jockey." I looked at him—the fact was manifest enough as soon as I did so. Small, lean, and somewhat wizened, with the sharp features of his craft, and the look peculiar to all those who have to do with horses, he might, it seemed, have been of any age from twenty to forty. His eyes were bright and bird-like, with a twinkle in them, though a somewhat saddened one. Jackson—that will serve as his name—turned out to be both a philosopher and a humorist.

I soon got to know the little man well, very well indeed, and gradually I learnt some part of his history. He was, he told me, fifty-three years old, though he passed himself off as thirty; but then he explained that it does not do for a jockey to be too old, and the deception required nothing beyond the bare statement to be complete. Yet I am wrong here—it did require something more—it required reticence regarding the events of the past. Many—even thirty-five—years since, Jackson had been a well-known jockey in England, he rode famous mounts in the Derby, his patrons had been the Rothschilds and others with equally well-known names. He knew the King, many members of the House of Lords, many famous in many ways, and not a few infamous too, for his England was a tolerant world, where all classes and all moralities rubbed shoulders. He had known Oxford intimately in a way both extensive and peculiar, and his patron there has since become a cabinet minister. When he left England—he did not tell me the reason, but his manner suggested a romance—he had betaken himself to America where he was with Mr. Belmont in New York, and with Senator Leland Stanford in California, and in an interval of relaxation had prospected for gold in Mexico, without success. Next, he was in India with Lord William Beresford—and whom did he not know in India! From that—he was now getting old for a jockey—he started a livery stable in Yokohama, and ran it for five years, successfully at first, then without much success, and then came failure. His knowledge of Japan was astonishing—I say this advisedly—for he had keen powers of observation, an admirable memory, a capacity for clear and graphic statement, qualities very rare indeed with his class—though for that matter with any class—and he had naturally gravitated to a level among the Japanese. He had no very high opinion of the Japanese, or of what England had done in Japan. When failure came in Yokohama, he went back to being a jockey, though no longer as young as he had been, nor as able to withstand the effects of being thrown from a horse. He found engagements in Singapore, in Manila, in Australia, though not this time with distinguished patrons. Finally, he floated up to Bangkok, and was employed by the Siamese Attorney-General, an ardent lover of horses. Then the late manager of the hotel bolted, and the Attorney-General, who was its proprietor, placed the jockey in charge. And so I came to find him there, drawing a salary of one hundred silver dollars a month, with board and lodging and drinks and smokes thrown in.

The jockey hotel manager was a literary man in his way. He had read much verse, and he recollected it. After reeling off a dozen lines he would cock his head on one side, look at one with his bird-like eyes, and say, "Now, you wouldn't expect that from a jockey, would you?" Many a ready joke, and many a story, had the little man. He held strong views on many things, especially on the hotel cigars provided gratuitously for his consumption, and retailed to the ordinary hotel visitor at exorbitant prices.

All at the hotel liked the little man, for there was a certain charm about him and his cheery humour. When I left Siam—I was there but a few weeks—there was promise of another change in his fortunes, for he was to go to Manila as steward of the University club that had been started in that city under American auspices. I said good-bye, sorry to part from him, and wishing him all good luck. Whether he went to Manila, or just what became of him, I know not. More than a year later, I met in London, in the Strand, an American who had been staying at the hotel, and, among other things, I asked him if he had seen anything of Jackson. "Yes," said he, "six months ago I came across him in Tokyo, very much out at elbows, but I have not seen him since."

A strange floating life this, without aim or purpose. I once asked what his ambition was. He told me that, if only he could save five hundred pounds, he would proceed to London, and go the pace for one month—a month of hotels and music-halls, of race-courses and theatres, of frock-coats and immaculate silk hats, of drinks and betting odds, of old cronies and of new ones—and then, then back to the oblivious East, where the white man can live without the sweat of his brow, whatever may happen to his soul.

H. M. P.

ACADEMY PICTURES

(First Series)

"THE CUP OF TANTALUS."
BY SIR E. J. POYNTER, P.R.A.

ACADEMY PICTURES *(First Series)*

"CHARITY." BY F. W. W. TOPHAM

"UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE." By G. SHERIDAN KNOWLES

ACADEMY PICTURES

(First Series)

"APHRODITE." BY G. S. WATSON

ACADEMY PICTURES (*First Series*)

"ARIADNE DESERTED BY THESEUS." BY H. J. DRAPER

"FOR HE HAD SPOKEN LIGHTLY OF A WOMAN'S NAME." BY J. LOMAX

OUR SHORT STORY

AS THE WORLD SEES

By VERA STEWART

MULTITUDES filled the church—in fact, it was literally overflowing. It still wanted some time to the hour appointed for the wedding, but every minute the crowd outside was gathering in size and restlessness. Some of the people had been waiting since early in the morning, and were getting captious and irritable. Others, with the peculiar luck of those who take life easily, had arrived comparatively late, and had managed to squeeze their way into the front, where they met with a very chilly reception.

An English crowd is proverbially good-natured, but a grey, January day, with a biting north-east wind blowing, is apt to put an edge on the temper, especially when noses have begun to look blue and pinched, and feet to have no feeling left in them!

Inside the church it was the reverse of cold. The air was laden with the scent of flowers, and the richly dressed, heavily perfumed congregation rendered the atmosphere distinctly oppressive. People were busy greeting their friends, and seemed to imagine that they were at a kind of reception, whispering and tittering together like so many magpies. Everybody was eager to repeat, for the hundredth time, how lucky "Monty" was to pick up an heiress—"just when things were getting to such a pitch, too."

As for the girl—"a quiet little thing—overawed at the prospect of strawberry leaves and a title. She won't give him any trouble. . . . Settlements? Princely, they say; but then Monty always knew how to do himself well. . . ." Etc., etc., etc.

At last, after what seemed an eternity of waiting, carriages drove up, and the organ burst out into welcoming strains. Outside, the crowd murmured in disappointment as their patience was rewarded by only a very fleeting glimpse of white chiffon and orange blossom. Inside, every neck was craned, and every face turned towards the door as the bridal party entered the church. The bevy of bridesmaids in elaborate pink gowns, and large picture hats, were duly admired, and among the men was some irreverent betting as to the prettiest. But the largest share of attention was, of course, reserved for the bride. She was very young, pathetically young! If she were not strictly beautiful, her child-like face, sweet, grave eyes and fair hair made an attractive picture, framed by the soft folds of her veil. And then, was she not the daughter of the richest manufacturer of the county, or, indeed, of many counties round? And was she not about to be married to the Duke of Leys, who, after sowing his wild oats for nearly a quarter of a century, saw fit, at length, to settle down and replenish his estates before ruin quite overtook him?

The Duchess of Leys! More than one fair member of the congregation smiled to herself a trifle maliciously. Of course, it was no unusual thing for a girl, however young and attractive, to give herself in exchange for a title. Was it not done every day? And deep down in their hearts, those who were sneering knew they lacked only the opportunity to go and do likewise!

Not much notice is bestowed on the bridegroom on these occasions. Though a necessary and important part of the ceremony, he gets, as a rule, only a small share of criticism, for which he is devoutly thankful! The Duke of Leys, in fact, appeared quite indifferent to his surroundings, and employed his time in intently scrutinising the tesselated pavement at his feet and the shining toes of his patent leather boots.

"It is fortunate he is so pale," remarked an old "flame," in a spiteful whisper; "as his hair alone supplies the necessary amount of colour!"

For the Duke could only be described as a plain man. His straight, waveless hair had a decided tendency towards red, which, with his clean shaven face and thin lips, made up a somewhat cadaverous appearance. As for his eyes, they were quite unremarkable and never gave him away. Even now, when they were turned on the advancing figure of his bride, they betrayed no feeling of any kind—only a slight tightening of the lips might have been evident to a very keen observer.

The bride was obviously nervous, her hand trembled as he took it, and her voice, as she made her solemn vows, was quite inaudible to the greedily listening throng. "Poor little thing!" murmured some of the more kindly. "So young, too—it really *is* a shame!" . . . .

It seemed, almost before it had begun, that the brief service was over, and the little Duchess passed down the aisle on her husband's arm. As they left the church, the impatient crowd surged up the steps, pressing against, and even breaking through, the double line of police, in their eagerness to peer into the details of shimmering white millinery and to comment on the bride's shrinking paleness. As she raised her eyes and met the hard, impertinent stares round her, she clung closer to her husband, and her lips quivered.

His face was like a mask, and his glance wandered over the heads of the crowd in disdainful unconcern, and if certain unpleasant criticisms of his motives for matrimony reached his ears, he gave no sign.

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At length they were in the carriage, a gorgeous official banged the door, the whip cracked, and they drove off amid the customary cheers. Throngs of people lined the street on both sides, and at the corner there was such a block, that the coachman was obliged to pull up the prancing greys on their haunches, while indignant policemen strove to clear the way. Just there, it was a rougher crowd, and in the delay, a group of factory girls made a rush for the carriage, and managed to get quite close to the windows. For some reason or other, the socialist feeling in this neighbourhood was strong, and the expression in the bold, bright eyes was the reverse of friendly. Coarse jests were flung about and were hailed with shouts of laughter.

"I wouldn't be 'er," cried a shrill voice, "married 'er for 'er brass 'e 'as!"

"A nice pair of turtle doves!" shouted another, her face pressed close to the window. "I mayn't be a blooming lidy, but I wouldn't sell myself for a title, not me!"

The bride gave a little shudder and shrank further back, glancing timidly at the bridegroom's face. It was set and stern, but without looking at her, he said, very softly: "Show a brave front, little Duchess! Hang on to my hand if you like, but *smile*!"

So the bride lifted her head high, a brave smile on her white lips, but hidden beneath voluminous folds of lace and satin, she clung hard to her husband's hand. And so, apparently oblivious alike of praise or insult, they passed through the mob.

When at last they were free of it, a sobbing sigh of relief broke from the newly made Duchess. In an instant, he turned to her, and his arm crept round her waist. The cold indifference in his eyes had melted like snow before the sun.

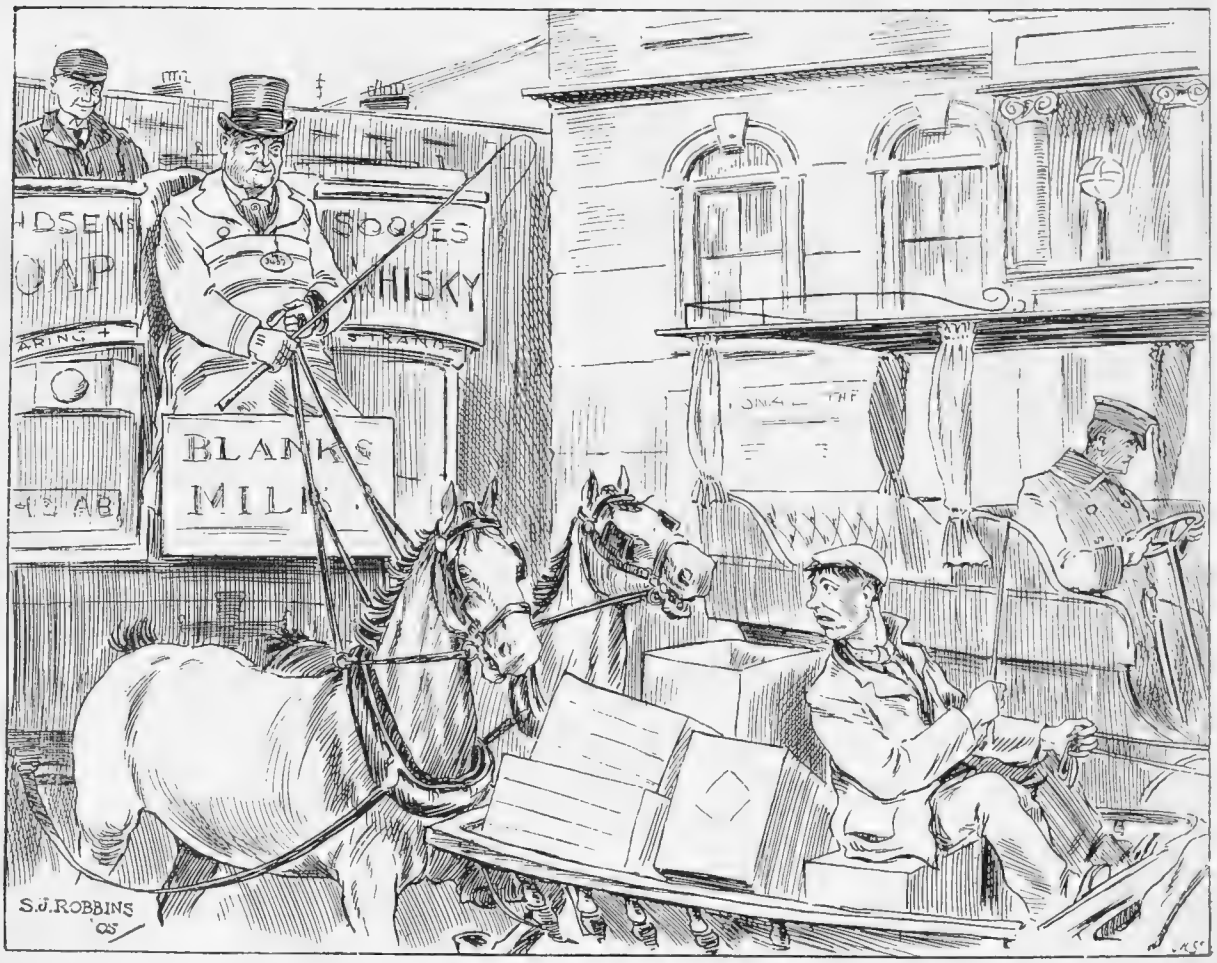
"My little wife," he said . . . .

Her head, with all its bridal finery of wreath and veil, sank on his shoulder.

"Why couldn't they let us forget my hateful money just for to-day?" she sobbed, "everybody thinks it was for that!" . . . .

"And what does 'everybody' matter to us, dear one? Let them think what they will, we can afford to laugh because *we know*."

And then they looked into each other's eyes and smiled, with perfect understanding. For, strange to say, it was a love match after all! VERA STEWART.



MASTER OF THE SITUATION

'BUS DRIVER: "Nar, then, git on, you'd git run over by a funeral, you would! I'll ev to report yer to yer guv'nor"

YOUTH IN BARROW: "Garn! *I'm the firm*"

DRAWN BY S. J. ROBBINS

The Ceylon Pearl Fisheries: A Record Season

Natives bringing in oysters to the Government enclosure

The pearl fisheries of Ceylon, the enchanted Serendib of the Arabian Nights, have been famous from time immemorial. The fishing season lasts only about thirty days, and some years there is no fishing at all. The fisheries form a Government monopoly, and are under the supervision of an officer, who reports when a sufficient number of pearl-yielding oysters have reached maturity

Scene Inside the Government Enclosure: Oysters ready to be put up for auction

The Government's profits last year amounted to £70,000, but this year they have eclipsed all records by reaching the sum of £166,666. The system of dividing the proceeds from the oyster beds is that the Government takes two-thirds and the native divers one. But in actual practice, the natives probably get a much larger share, for during the run-in from the banks to the shore, the divers and crews are busy extracting as many pearls as time permits

The Commemoration at Stratford-on-Avon

A glimpse of the River Avon, at Stratford, showing Holy Trinity Church, in which Shakespeare is buried

The Shakespeare Commemoration held in 1902 has become the forerunner of an annual celebration, in which Mr. Benson's admirable Shakespearean Company plays by far the most entertaining part. And it is a healthy sign that Shakespeare the dramatist is not entirely crowded out by the superfluous sentiment which spends itself in the admiration of the somewhat elusive figure of Shakespeare the man

Photos by] **Shakespeare's Birthplace at Stratford: From a very old photograph** [*Frith*

Readers of Mr. Sidney Lee's elaborate biography will remember how few definite facts beyond those universally known, even the greatest of Shakespearean scholars has been able to discover, and one ingenious critic took the trouble to enumerate the instances (and there were many) in which Mr. Lee's supposed facts were prefaced by "It is possible." "It is probable," and other such evidences of assumption. One fact seems certain, however, and that is that Shakespeare was born in the house shown in our illustration

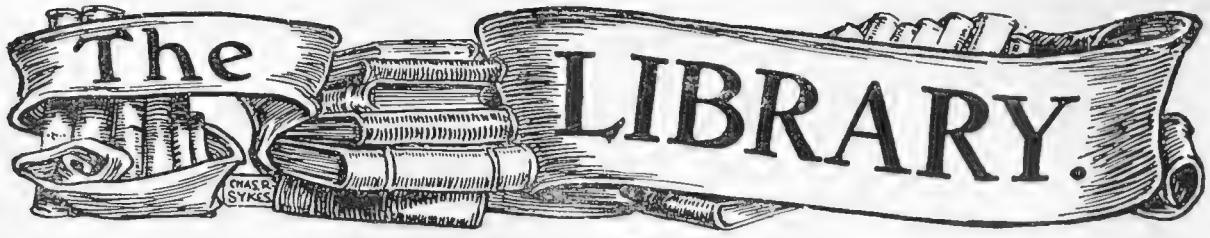
The Cult of Shakespeare—The Man

A corner of the Museum at Shakespeare's birthplace, showing his desk and other supposed relics

It was only fitting, of course, that the birthplace of William Shakespeare—dramatist or actor, as you will—should have been turned into a museum, and that a number of contemporary relics should have been housed there. To the onlooker, unversed in the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy, this affords a spice of humour. There one sees the rapt enthusiasms of the admirers of Shakespeare the man, side by side with the unutterable disgust of their rivals. One wishes both factions could see that neither the Bi-Literal Cipher nor the asseverations to the contrary of Mr. Sidney Lee debar the genuine lover of the plays from the fullest appreciation of them

Photos by] **The interior of Ann Hathaway's supposed cottage at Shottery** [*Frith*

Ann Hathaway's cottage brings us face to face with another unassailable fact concerning Shakespeare's life, and as facts are few, it should be a treasured one. Shakespeare was married to a lady who once lived in the picturesque village of Shottery. It needs no elaborate assumptions to prove it, for it is attested by contemporary documents. George Steevens, in his biography of Shakespeare, made a very candid confession as to the number of facts known concerning Shakespeare the man. These can be read in less than five minutes. The rest of the time usually spent by admirers of the man in reading biographies of Shakespeare might well be spent in reading over the plays



George Borrow, if the success which seems to have attended the recent reprints of his books means anything, is coming into his own again. The halo of romance which hung over Borrow as the author of "The Gipsies in Spain" and "The Bible in Spain" made him a hero in the literary world of the middle of last century, but he forfeited all this when he attacked the "kid-glove" literature and "gentility nonsense" of his time in "Lavengro"—the "epic of ale," as his critics called it—and its sequel, "The Romany Rye." His latest writings, compared with the brilliant success of his former works, were neglected, though there were always faithful admirers who stood by him as the hater of humbug, and champion of the open-air life. One of these later works, *Romano Lavo-Lil*, which, originally published in 1872, has been out of print many years, is about to be re-issued by Mr. Murray in the same popular form in which Borrow's better-known books have lately been reprinted. Mr. Murray is also preparing another new edition of the whole series of books by Borrow, to be printed on thin paper.

Books to Order

GENERAL LITERATURE

Saints and Savages: The Story of Five Years in the New Hebrides. By Dr. Robert Lamb. Illustrated. Published to-day. (Blackwood: 6*s.*)

In a Syrian Saddle. By Miss Goodrich Freer. An account of some journeys on horseback in company of certain men of learning into Moab, Galilee, and Samaria. (Methuen: 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)

The Autobiography of Andrew D. White. Formerly United States Ambassador at Berlin and St. Petersburg, First President of Cornell University, etc. Illustrated. 2 vols. (Macmillan).

The Russo-Japanese War. By Bennett Burleigh. Published to-day. (Chapman and Hall: 6*s.* net.)

NEW FICTION

Jorn Uhl. By Gustav Frenssen. Translated by F. S. Delmer. A serious novel which has taken Germany by storm. (Constable: 6*s.*)

The Error of Her Ways. By Frank Barrett. (Chatto and Windus: 6*s.*)

The Jackal. By Coulson Kernahan. (Ward, Lock and Co.: 6*s.*)

The Brooding Wild. By Ridgwell Cullum. (Chapman and Hall: 6*s.*)

The War Office has sunk a great deal of money in the official history of the South African War, and it surely is time that we had some definite news as to the date of publication, even of the first volume. According to one statement, the Major-General, who is at the head of the undertaking, is receiving £700 a year, in addition to his pay, until the work is completed, while his assistants, who are all colonels, are each receiving £300 a year in addition to their pay. It was a great pity that Colonel Henderson, the distinguished author of "Stonewall Jackson and the American Civil War," did not live to complete the work. There is no doubt that his life was shortened by the harassing difficulties of the task—the red-tapeism which handicapped his every movement, and the constant interference of the higher authorities. He completed one volume before his death, and this was actually printed, but the powers that be condemned it, and ordered the whole issue to be destroyed. One posthumous work by Colonel Henderson, however, is coming from Messrs. Longmans. *The Science of War*, as it is called, has been edited by Captain Neil Malcolm, and will be published by Messrs. Longmans, with a memoir of the author by Lord Roberts.

Mr. Algernon Graves's complete dictionary of contributors to the Royal Academy from its foundation in 1769 to 1904, the first volume of which is announced by Messrs. Bell, will be a truly monumental work. There are few complete sets of R.A. catalogues in existence, and these are of considerable value. Their importance is appreciated by every picture collector and writer on art, but, even with these, the process of finding a special exhibit, or of investigating the work of a particular artist, has always been tedious, and frequently unsatisfactory, owing to the deficiencies in the indexes and the numerous errors in the catalogues. By means of Mr. Graves's work, which is to be completed in about seven quarto volumes, all such research work will be made easy.

Mr. F. Howard Collins's *Author and Printer*, which Mr. Henry Frowde has just published at 5*s.* net, has evidently been needed, for it went out of print almost immediately. We are not surprised. Writers and printers have always been at loggerheads—even among themselves—over many typographical practices, and the only wonder is that such a book has not appeared before. Hitherto, the best known guide on such questions as punctuation, spelling, capitalisation, and so on, has been Mr. Horace Hart's "Rules for Compositors and Readers at the University Press, Oxford," but this, though admirable in its way, is often at variance with the rules of other big printing houses, and, as indicated by its title, is not sufficiently comprehensive to include all the needs of authors. Mr. Collins's book cannot, of course, pretend to be the final authority on the best typographical practices of the present day, but if anyone errs through its guidance, he will at least know that he errs in excellent company, for the compiler has been assisted by many authors, editors, and printers, and his work has been approved by the Master Printers' and Allied Trades' Association of London, by the Edinburgh Master Printers' Association, by the Belfast Printing Trades Employers' Association, and by the Executive Committee of the London Association of Correctors of the Press.

A BOOKMAN'S GOSSIP

Lamb and Letters

There is nothing to say of Charles Lamb that has not already been said. Of no well-loved figure among our famous men of letters is it less easy to write without appearing only to rub up old and worn phrases. Of all English writers, perhaps the most lovable, he has inspired many editors and critics to their best, and thus, out of his own rich character, as it were, he has furnished much of the sympathy which the numerous editors of his writings have displayed. None of them has shown himself more worthy to have his name associated on a title-page with that of Charles Lamb than Mr. E. V. Lucas, the sixth and seventh volumes of whose monumental edition of Lamb have been issued recently by Messrs. Methuen. This is emphatically the best edition of "Elia" that we have had, the completest; though it does suggest that there are some curmudgeons about, since Mr. Lucas has failed to secure the right to reprint a good many of Lamb's letters, despite the fact that he gives us seventy of them for the first time; more than any other editor. Perhaps the rivalry between editors of Lamb is not altogether friendly! There is a curious point about the publication of letters, which is not generally known. It may be stated thus: A writes a letter to B, and the script becomes the property of B, but the right to publish its contents remains solely with A or his heirs. Failing the latter—as in the case of Lamb—the possessor of the letter, if it has never been published, may claim copyright. Hence, as there still exist unpublished letters from the pen of "Elia," we are never likely to see a thoroughly complete edition of his correspondence, since a letter has the same duration of copyright as any other writing—forty-two years after first publication

Photo by *Elliott and Fry*

Mr. E. V. Lucas

The well-known humorous writer, and editor of the standard edition of Charles Lamb

Litterateur and Wit

Mr. E. V. Lucas, by all his tastes and endowments, was the ideal editor of Lamb. He is the essential bookman, a humorist with a fine, human touch, a compiler so moved by love of his subject, that no pains seem too great if he can elucidate an obscure reference, verify or amplify some moot point. As an editor, his work on this great English classic gives him a secure place, but his own writings bid fair to fix him among the best of our modern humorists. One of the younger recruits to the staff of *Punch*, his contributions to the pages of the famous comic journal are always fresh and easy to identify. Mr. Lucas is one of the many who have come to Literature through the side-gate named Journalism. Born at Brighton in June, 1868, he was trained on the *Sussex Daily News*, and coming to London about fourteen years ago, was soon attached to the *Globe*, for which he wrote the literary gossip over a period of seven years, doing similar work on the *Academy* for close on five years. His first book of which I have note was, in a way, the beginning of his "Eliana," since it was a life of Bernard Barton, Lamb's friend, and the father-in-law of Edward Fitzgerald. He has written numerous little books, chiefly in verse, for children, here following Lamb's worthy example; his "Book of Verses for Children" deserves to become a children's classic. But, perhaps, his happiest hits have been made in collaboration with Mr. C. L. Graves, the unhackneyed fun of their "Wisdom While You Wait," despite the ephemeral nature of the subject, being still fresh in our memory. Mr. Graves, who is assistant editor of the *Spectator*, collaborates with Mr. Lucas in most of his *Punch* work, and they are jointly responsible for that very humorous brochure, "Change for a Halfpenny," recently issued by Mr. Alston Rivers, a publisher who is rapidly coming to the front.

A Dutch Author of English Novels

The other week, the University of Aberdeen conferred its honorary degree of LL.D. on Mr. Thomas Hardy and Mr. Maarten Maartens. The position of the latter novelist is quite unique, and he is justly proud of it: a Dutchman, who is a successful English author, honoured and fêted in Great Britain and America, while still without fame in his own country. All the same, I am somewhat at a loss to understand Aberdeen's reason for seeking him out to honour, as we have a good many novelists quite as capable as he, and writers of better English. Mr. Maartens (everybody knows this is an assumed name, his patronymic being Van der Poorten-Schwartz) was described at Aberdeen as "one of the most accomplished scholars of a learned people, versed in modern language and literature, acquainted with the minds and customs of every

civilised nation. We know that he writes English with an idiomatic purity and a fine accuracy of style, to which not many of those who speak English as their mother tongue can attain." And, on the whole, this is true; but there is a temptation to credit Mr. Maartens with far more than his due in his mastery of English. "The whole hamlet effervesced with delicious perturbation"; "The unutterable horror of dirt and indecency came down upon her like a shower-bath—shocking, undeniably, but bracing as well." One could compile from his novels whole pages of such ineptitudes; but the fact remains that he writes well, though by no means so well as perfervid admirers would have us believe.

Mr. Maarten Maartens

If I were not persuaded that success in novel writing is as great a gamble as putting one's money on an unknown horse, I might point to Mr. Maartens' beginning as encouragement for new writers—for the thousands who have an unaccepted novel lying at home! But I shall only tell the story of how he came into fame, without seeking to draw any moral from it. Intended by his father for a public career, his early education, which was partly obtained in England, was designed to that end, and he studied law as part of his training, becoming a barrister, though he has never practised. His thoughts turned to literature; to fiction; but it was clear to him that there was no hope of success for him if he wrote his novels in Dutch, and as he had always had a love of English, and things English, he determined to make his appeal to the English-speaking public. His first story, "The Sin of Joost Avelingh," he failed to get any London publisher to accept, and had he not been a man of means his literary career might have ended by not beginning. But he had his book published at his own expense, and its success was undoubted. That is fifteen years ago, and Mr. Maartens has given us a good many novels since then; perhaps none better than "Dorothea," published last year. It was some years before his books, so popular in English, had been translated into Dutch, and their author was long regarded by his neighbours in Holland, knowing nothing of his foreign fame, as a man who had failed entirely to make his mark! He passes much of his time in Paris and the South of France, and is a frequent visitor to London, being a member of several well-known clubs, and a personal friend of some of our leading authors—Mr. Barrie, for instance, whose play, *Little Mary*, was, for a time, last spring, preceded at Wyndham's by a one-act piece entitled *The Jail-Bird*, written by Mr. Maartens. His home is Zonheuval Castle, near Doorn, Holland, and, as our photo indicates, he is addicted to automobilism.

Mr. Maarten Maartens driving his car

The distinguished Dutch novelist has recently been made an LL.D. of Aberdeen University

The English of Foreign Authors

My reference to Mr. Maartens' English reminds me that the late Max O'Rell, who knew English as well as any foreigner who ever lived among us, always wrote his books in French, and had them translated by his wife, an English lady. Mr. Joseph Conrad, who is a Pole, and did not acquire our language until he had reached manhood, writes it admirably, but he sometimes falls into errors which no Englishman, writing with equal care, would commit. A recent article of his, charming in every sense, in which he discussed, with much erudition, the language of the sea, contained one or two errors of syntax, although he was urging the cause of precision in language. It is the verb that occasionally troubles him, thus: "At a time of life when five years really *does* count," or "this noisiness, this exultation at the moment of the ship's departure *make*," etc. It is a great achievement to write with distinction in a foreign and living language. Oscar Wilde wrote well in French, and Dr. Dillon, of the *Daily Telegraph*, writes both French and Russian, I am told, as though they were native to him—a wonderful Irishman!

Authors' Loves

It is not always the best thing that may befall a woman, to marry an author—especially a poet! On the whole, those literary men, who are geniuses, and the still greater number who think they are, seem to be pretty difficult to get along with in the shackles of matrimony. There is a large class who are neither geniuses, nor fancy themselves such, and these, perhaps, are just as humdrum in their marital relationships as the average Philistine—"even as you and I." It is with the geniuses that Miss Clara E. Lauchlin deals, in her extremely readable volume, "Stories of Authors' Loves," recently issued by Messrs. Isbister and Co. I have been dipping into Miss Lauchlin's book at odd moments, and have found much to interest me, if nothing that is quite new. A praiseworthy feature of the work is the fact that the writer has contrived to deal with love-stories so varied as those of Tennyson and Poe, of Dante and Dickens, of Charlotte Brontë and George Eliot, with sympathy and good taste. To one who is an exponent of that much-maligned "personal journalism," a book like this, with its wealth of references to the personal writings of famous authors, is a pleasant reminder that so many of the mighty ones of literature were addicted to writing about people with whom they were acquainted, or whom they had studied in their own and others' writings. What a shockingly "personal" writer was Carlyle, when you come to think of it!

Jatt.

The Whimsicalities of W. Heath Robinson

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

The Opening of the New Golfing Season

Winter has departed, and the usual rigorous English spring is upon us. Though the golfing season is practically continuous, it seems convenient to date the opening of a fresh one at about this time. When these notes appear, the Oxford and Cambridge match will have been played, and another inscription will have to be added to the record of past inter-'Varsity struggles. When I look back to the time when I took part in that event, now twenty-three years ago, I really feel something like a Dodo, a survival of a prehistoric period. We little knew, my companions and I, as we started from Cambridge for Wimbledon, that we were parts of a great machine which was to influence the future of golf in England to a surprising degree. For I think we may take it as an accepted fact that the 'Varsities are now just as much a school for the rising generations of golf players as they are in the case of cricket. The list of really first-class players who have participated in the 'Varsity golf match is longer than I should care to have to record. The Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society bears eloquent testimony to this fact, for that institution can put up a team of players which would be a very difficult nut to crack for any combination of players.

Golf at Public Schools

The strong hold that golf has acquired at the 'Varsities is all the more astonishing when one remembers that the playing of golf at most schools is taboo. I really cannot, for the life of me, see why this should be so. At every school there is a vast residuum of boys who do not, and never will, excel at cricket, football, fives, racquets, or any of the ordinary games in which the British schoolboy is, by tradition, forced to indulge. It seem to me that, for that residuum, who either loaf at present, or unwillingly take part in a game into which their heart does not enter, golf would be a splendid thing. A great deal of nonsense has been written about the selfishness of golf. After all, most games are selfish to a certain extent, in so far as the natural desire of every schoolboy is to be a better player than his fellow. But even if you grant that the single is selfish, no such charge can be laid against the foursome, and it lies in the hands of masters, if they institute golf at their school, to arrange that more foursomes than singles should be played. The main object of games at school is, I take it, to inculcate a love of healthy, open-air life in a boy, to prevent him from loafing in his spare time, and to implant in him the desire to excel and to outrival his compeers in play, as well as in work. All these *desiderata* are satisfied by golf. I defy anyone, even a schoolboy, to loaf at golf once he has acquired a love of the game. In this case, "*le mieux*" is not, as in the French proverb, "*l'ennemi*," but "*l'ami du bien*." For, at golf, one is always expecting to improve on past performances, however good or bad they may be, and the stimulus of that feeling is irresistible, and will carry a boy, as we all know it does a man, from hour to hour, in the pursuit of that will-o'-the-wisp, known to all golfers by the name of "my game." I do not for a moment wish golf to be started in rivalry to football or cricket, *et hoc genus omne* of schoolboy games, but I do think that it would be an admirable addition to the games curriculum. I believe a start has been made in this direction at one or two English schools. After all, the game which has not proved deleterious to the Scottish boy, is not likely to hurt the English lad. I am putting the case very humbly, for my own opinion is that the game would be a splendid one at all of our English schools, and that the sooner it is started at them the better or all parties it will be. Methods of supervision, if found necessary, can be easily arranged, but I think I shall not be far wrong when I assert that the schoolboy may be trusted at golf just as freely as in football or cricket.

A Novel Kind of Foursome

I have lately been trying a novel combination of players. For the purpose of explanation, I will presume that on a private course, or on one not much frequented on off days, three players find themselves thrown together. One of the players is so immensely superior in play to either of the other two, that no ordinary combination of sides, even with large handicaps, will make a match of it. It may happen, as in my case, that the player wishes to play with two lady players, not either of them very expert. In this case, the better player plays on both sides. That is to say, denoting them by A, B, C, A plays alternately, as in an ordinary foursome, for B and C, being partner to both B and C. At alternate tees he takes both the tee shots. But it is advisable to rule A out of the putting, and to leave all the putting green work to B and C. This, of course, robs A of any putting throughout the round, but I found, in my case, that it was almost impossible on the putting green to do my best impartially for both sides. The absence of putting is amply compensated by the greater amount of play that A gets throughout the course, and he will find, at the end of a round, that he has had just about as much golf as he wants, for the inferior players are sure to put him at widely diverging points of the course and in a variety of difficulties, so that he will have plenty of work to do, and will have every sort of shot, bar a putt, to play, from distances entirely different to those to which, in ordinary play, he is accustomed. As I have said above, this form of foursome is only meant for emergencies, and can only be played on a private course, or on an ordinary course when there are but very few golfers playing. ERNEST LEHMANN.

AUTOMOBILE TOPICS.

The Markyate Motor Accident

With a feeling of real relief, I hear, as I write these notes, that the driver responsible for the Markyate accident has given himself up to the Hatfield police. The enquiry which will, of course, take place into this lamentable accident prevents comment. At present, I will, therefore, only express the hope that the small section of the motoring community who, by overdriving, are seriously injuring the interests of automobilism will take warning from the sad death of this little child. High speeds through villages or towns are wantonly foolish, and I would ask motorists in general to drive with the greatest consideration through inhabited districts.

Our Roads

The annual meeting of the Roads Improvement Association took place at the beginning of this month, and many important questions affecting the convenience of road users came up for discussion. A Highways Bill has been drafted by the Council of this body, embodying the principal recommendations of the Departmental Committee on Highways. This measure proposes to create a central department to assist the local highway authorities; to increase largely the highway powers of the county authorities; and to provide for the construction of new main thoroughfares At no time, I imagine, has the question of our roads been of such interest to the nation—tramways, light railways, mobus services, motor-cars, all of recent date, are claiming their share of our highways. So great is the present pressure, and so enormous must be the future demands on our roads, that it seems to me a more general and comprehensive scheme should be put forward. Progress depends essentially on easy inter-communication. Time is money. Impeded traffic and transit delays are bad for all classes of the community.

Wanted! A Liberal Comprehensive Policy

All thinking men recognise that the power vehicle has come to stay. It may be unpleasant in some ways to other road users, it may appear dangerous, but it is the traction method of the future, and, as a sensible, practical nation, we must proceed to make arrangements to benefit from the facilities it offers, and to remedy its shortcomings. The old coaching inns, even the villages themselves, are feeling the quickening influence of the motor-car. The roads play again an important part in the life of the people, and our great thoroughfares and main arteries of traffic require fresh consideration. A broad-minded, practical policy is wanted to fit them for the traffic of the immediate future. Instead of restricting our main roads to a petty width of forty odd feet, a generous breadth of sixty, eighty, even a hundred feet, is required. When the track passes through a town or village, bye-pass roads must be constructed for the use of through traffic, leaving the existing highways to satisfy local requirements. While a comprehensive scheme should be settled in the near future, and the necessary land acquired, the widening of the old roads and the construction of new ones could be done gradually, and with special reference to the condition of the labour market, thus meeting, for some time to come, the problem of the unemployed.

Photo by *Topical Agency*

Mr. Albert Clement, in the Clement-Bayard car which he will drive in the Gordon Bennett Trials

Millions Can Be Spent with Advantage

The expense of such a road system is undoubtedly huge, but I cannot see why the greater part of the scheme should not be financed by a rate to be exacted from the owners, whose property would be raised in value by such magnificent roads. That such an increase would take place is self-evident, if one considers the way present prices of land are immediately affected by the proximity of a railway station. I would ask those who feel inclined to smile at my suggested expenditure of many thousands of pounds on our main road system, to consider the history of our railways. Who, before their construction, could have conceived that it would have so financially benefited the community to develop the country with a network of steel tracks costing hundreds of millions? Broad roads, combined with motors, offer us such a splendidly elastic system of communication that one day we shall recognise the benefits to be derived from employing some of the nation's surplus labour in constructing a road system which shall be really efficient.

Motor-boat Troubles at Monaco

The Monaco motor-boat racing was marked by a string of accidents. *La Marguerite*, it will be remembered, struck by an enormous wave, was thrown on the rocks at Cap d'Ail and broken to pieces. The famous *Trèfle-à-Quatre* collided during a trial run and caught fire. There were two other minor mishaps, including one to *Napier II.*, but the most serious accident occurred to the speedy Panhard boat, on the last day of the meeting. Travelling fast, in a handicap race of thirty-one miles, she started a plate forward, quickly filled with the rush of water, and went down bows first in a few seconds. This series of accidents has resulted in suggestions that a code of stringent regulations with regard to weight and strength of hull construction should be drawn up with a view to lessening the dangers due to motor-boat racing. If any such restrictive conditions are imposed, I think it will be a great pity. Constructors and designers are at present given an absolutely free hand—any weight, any strength of scantling, any design of hull, and motors of any horse-power are allowed; the length only of the boat is subject to regulation. The result has been that, in a comparatively short time, the motor-boat has developed remarkable efficiency—waterline considered, it is the fastest thing afloat—and it bids fair to become useful both in war and commerce. While racing carries with it the element of risk, in a matter of this sort racing alone quickens development and invention. Surely, then, it would be a pity to stop the bold experiments that the leading motor manufacturers have been encouraged to make.

"Vanguard" Side-Slips

The slippery condition of the Charing Cross Road proved some days ago too much for one of the "Vanguard" omnibuses—slipping sideways, the heavy vehicle got out of control, collided with a cab, broke its windows, and caused a slight injury to one of the inside passengers. The London Motor Omnibus Company, who are putting a number of these vehicles on the road, frankly admit that the accident was due to side-slip, and nothing else. In view of the coming transformation of the horse-drawn 'bus service, it is of interest to consider whether similar accidents are likely to be of common occurrence. Given a greasy road, all those who motor know how easily a pneumatic tyred car will side-slip. There is, however, little real similarity between the ordinary pleasure vehicle weighing, unladen, upwards of twenty hundredweight and the mobus, which turns the scale at four tons. Fitted with solid tyres and so heavily laden, the wheels of the 'bus almost always bite through the top layer of grease, and get a good grip of the real road surface. The weight of the vehicle, in fact, proves it salvation. While side-slip cannot be altogether avoided, it can be considered by the travelling public as a very unlikely occurrence. Nevertheless, the fact that it is a possibility should be borne in mind by the drivers, some of whom, I fear, are beginners, and they should remember that London roads are at their worst after a few drops of rain. A little moisture produces grease, a heavy shower washes the streets clean.

Cycle Patrols on the Brighton Road

My recent suggestion with regard to a society for warning motorists of police traps synchronised with Messrs. Jarrott and Letts' efforts in the same direction. Eight cyclists, each rider carrying a red flag, patrol the Brighton road every Saturday and Sunday, warning motorists of police ambuscades. Messrs. Jarrott and Letts are helped in this enterprise by the proprietor of the Old Ship Hotel, and all motoring on the Brighton road owe this combination a hearty vote of thanks.

A Car Carnival

Worthing has always regarded the automobile with favour. It was only in the fitness of things, therefore, that the Easter Monday attraction at this popular seaside town should take the form of a motor carnival. Prizes to the value of £100 were offered, and many well-known motorists entered their cars for the competition. Flags and floral decorations brightened the parade, and the route of the procession of flower-covered cars extended along the whole sea front. Upwards of seventy motors and cycles competed, and, despite the difficulty of turning a petrol vehicle into a big basket of flowers, the cars made a pretty display. Mr. Hector Morison, the Liberal candidate for the division, took premier honours with a motor covered with choice flowers. In the tri-car class, Mr. David Cooper was the winner; while a cycle covered with apple blossom obtained a first prize for its owner, Miss Erlam. From the grand stand erected at Splash Point, Lady Mouat distributed the prizes, and, in the speeches which concluded the meeting, did not forget to mention Mr. Warne, the promoter of the carnival.

Alfred C. Hunter.

The winning car, owned by Mr. Hector Morison, Liberal candidate for the division

The procession of floral cars draws an enormous crowd

SCENES AT THE WORTHING MOTOR CARNIVAL ON EASTER MONDAY

MATTERS MUSICAL

The Ways of the Music Pirate

Those people who have the misfortune to be connected with the music publishing business have long raised an outcry against the pirating of popular songs. According to statute, the copyright owner has the following remedies: To bring actions for damages and penalties; to restrain infringements by injunction; and to cause the fraudulent copies and plates to be delivered up to him or destroyed. In practice, however, it is not always easy to trace the offender. No sooner has a new song been issued at the regular price of four-and-six or six shillings than the music pirate prints an imitation on cheap paper, and puts it in the hands of the street-hawker, who will sell you a copy for sixpence, twopence, or even a penny. Obviously, it is of no avail proceeding against the hawker; he has not the slightest intention of betraying his principal, for then his means of livelihood would vanish. He only has a dozen or so of these piratical imitations in his possession when captured, so little benefit accrues from their confiscation.

Extravagantly Priced Songs

As the law stands, anyone found in possession of an unlawful copy is rendered liable to all the pains and penalties of the law, so that the purchaser of pirated music may also be corrected—if he can be traced. Most of the people who purchase it, however, are content to run the risk of possible detection, which, when all is said and done, is slight. Of course, no one with any feeling of respect or honesty towards the unfortunate composer would think of defrauding him by buying a twopenny copy of a song which should cost about twenty times as much, if the composer is to get his royalty out of it; but, at the same time, it is a little difficult to see where one obtains value for one's money in the usual four-and-sixpenny song. With up-to-date methods and machinery, copies cost a mere nothing to produce, and it is presumably the composer's royalty which runs away with the money, though the music publishing business is not by any means an unprofitable one. Some movement in the direction of cheaper prices seems to suggest itself as a means of meeting confessedly illegitimate competition.

Photo by *Dinham*

Herr Kubelik and his wife

Herr Kubelik has returned from his long tour on the Continent, and gives a recital at Queen's Hall to-morrow

Pity the Poor Composer!

That the evil is not without its effect on the trade is evident from the fact that about three weeks ago, at a meeting of the Music Publishers' Association, it was decided not to issue any new publications, pay any further fees to singers of new songs, or spend any more money on advertisements until further notice. Who would be a composer of songs under these conditions? In commenting on the death of so famous a song-writer as Signor Angelo Mascheroni, whose "Ave Maria" and "For All Eternity" are known in every household, the Press significantly hints that his resources were seriously impaired owing to the piracy of his works, and that the worry caused by these monetary losses hastened, if it was not directly responsible for, his comparatively early demise (he was only forty-nine years old).

Legislation Required

The endeavour to legislate meets with small encouragement from the Government, for one learns that Mr. Balfour, on being pressed to grant facilities for passing a law to deal with the subject, followed the example of *Everyman*, and prayed them to defer this matter till another day. The truth is, that the entire affair concerns a comparatively small number of people, and, as has been the case with agitations for reform on literary copyright laws, the subject, though of vital interest to one or two persons, is of none whatever to the vast bulk of the population.

Herr Kubelik

Herr Kubelik and his wife are in London again, after an absence of about six months. During this time, the famous violinist has been making music before not a few of the crowned heads of Europe. Some idea of his popularity may be gained from the fact that his concert to-morrow is the 500th he has given under Mr. Görlitz's direction. H. F.

Mr. Charles Cherry
Richard Coleman, Lieut. U.S.A. Army, in *Her Own Way*

POINTS FROM THE PLAYHOUSES

ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

Miss Georgie Lawrence
"The Young Person," in *Her Own Way*

Lyric Theatre

"HER OWN WAY"

Mr. Clyde Fitch is a good friend to the profession. He gives them so many chances. The public, however, are inclined these days to discount his cleverness. "O yes," say the grumblers, "he's always interesting, he's generally plausible, but somehow there is a want of sincerity about his work." Thus, the never-to-be-satisfied public, lost in a maze of ideals, and yearning for something which they cannot express.

Meanwhile, Mr. Fitch turns out with praiseworthy regularity, plays which conform to a very intricate and difficult code, with the working of which the author has been at great pains to make himself thoroughly familiar. So pat has he learned his technique, from A to Z, that the public are inclined to quarrel with the facility with which he utilises the alphabet.

The public, in fact, mutters, "machine-made drama," in grave reproof. The profession, on the other hand, cannot make the same objection. The types which Mr. Fitch gives them to portray may be subject in their actions to certain mechanical laws, but they are far from being puppets. Actors are given plenty of scope for the full expression of their individuality. Thus, in Mr. Clyde Fitch's plays, it is very rarely that one cannot point to the gratifying success made by one or more of the performers in the cast.

Playwright and players are like Alpine climbers roped together for a difficult ascent. But the former is the guide. If he stumbles, there is small chance that the others will escape destruction. On the other hand, a false step by one of the party can be remedied by the coolness and experience of the guide.

The profession, which cultivates other virtues at the expense occasionally of gratitude, should certainly raise, if they have not already done so, a monument in their hearts to Mr. Guide Fitch.

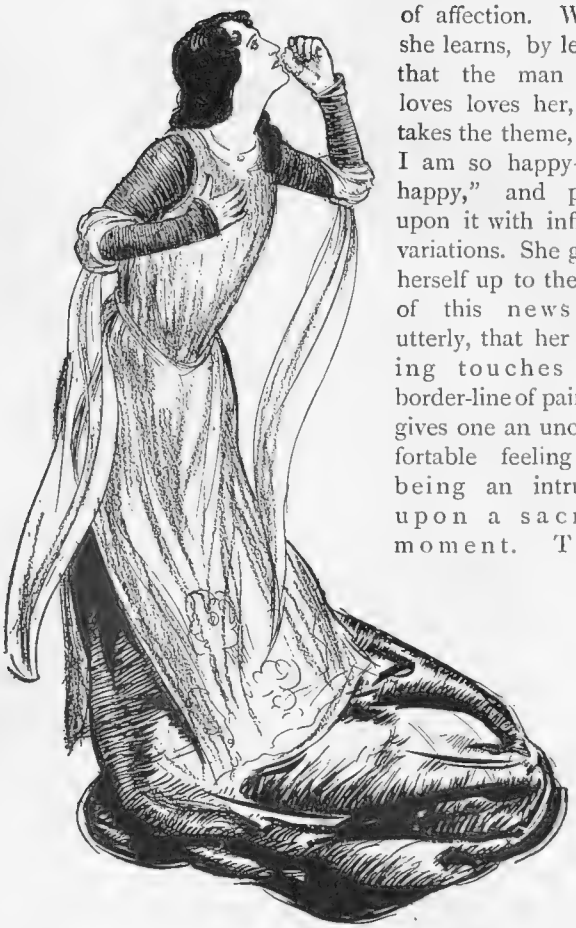
If it were not for the author's delightful talent for presenting interesting and perfectly human types, a visit to *Her Own Way* would be no more exciting than a visit to a power house. It is the characters that matter—not the story. And so the critic rejoices to find himself discussing the performers, and leaving the story for the tag, thus reversing an order of things for which apologies have constantly been made. (Did not Mr. Walkley once insinuate that he did not criticise acting because there was no acting to criticise?)

Miss Maxine Elliott receives, as is her due, the most chances from the bountiful Mr. Fitch. It is only the simple rôle of a lovable woman dissembling her feelings until she is carried away by a flood

Miss Maxine Elliott
Georgiana Carley

Mr. James Carew
Sam Coast

The Nursery Scene in "Her Own Way"



Miss Evelyn Millard as "Juliet"

of affection. When she learns, by letter, that the man she loves loves her, she takes the theme, "O, I am so happy—so happy," and plays upon it with infinite variations. She gives herself up to the joy of this news so utterly, that her acting touches the border-line of pain. It gives one an uncomfortable feeling of being an intruder upon a sacred moment. This remarkable scene expresses the very abandonment to joy. Joy which brings a beautiful light into her face, supreme grace into her movements, and an infinitely pathetic catch into her voice.

In "Sam Coast," Mr. Fitch drew a much more complex character. Awkward and uncouth, with an almost childish belief in the power of the money he has amassed, he makes love to Georgiana, with the grim determination which has made him a successful man. He surmounts one obstacle after another. He stoops to trickery of the basest sort, yet is never a mere black-hearted villain. It is quite patent, that if he wins Georgiana's love, he will cherish her with blind, unreasoning devotion. He is a strong man, who devotes all his strength to one purpose, and his failure has the elements of tragedy in it. This finely drawn character is played by Mr. James Carew in a manner which it is difficult to describe without the use of superlatives. From first to last, he grips the attention of the audience. He suggests almost as much as he expresses, and never makes a false step, either in the direction of under-acting or of over-acting. His manner, his voice, his appearance, comprise the study of a temperament which makes the very strongest hold upon the imagination.

For the rest, Miss Georgie Lawrence revels in the unforced humours of an American "young person," a rôle which is full of points. Four little players are the innocent mediums of no little satire, directed by the dramatist at the spoilt American child. Miss Nellie Thorne is very good as the frivolous, empty-headed young wife. It is not her fault that she is unable to keep her hold of the character in the *volte face*, which Mr. Fitch, for some inexplicable reason, has seen fit to make "Mrs. Stephen Carley" execute.

The Imperial Theatre

"ROMEO AND JULIET"

I have left myself but little space in which to chronicle Mr. Lewis Waller's picturesque production. It is staged with the careful attention to detail, and, in places, with the inspiration which is a feature of the management of the Imperial Theatre. The setting, in the last act especially, is so beautiful as to excuse a slight perversion of the text when Romeo ascends instead of descending into the "bed of death." It must be confessed that Mr. Waller's Romeo was a disappointment. It was acted with vigour and feeling, just as we expected; but at the back of every mind, there was the hope of a surprise, and no surprise was forthcoming. The youth of Romeo makes a handicap which many actors have tried to surmount. Mr. Waller made no attempt to disguise his characteristic manliness of voice and bearing. He was always the man of deep feelings, never the passionate youth.

Mr. Waller was much more effective in the second half of the play than in the first. The awakening of Romeo's romance and the purely idyllic passages he did not render so well as those which portray Romeo fighting against the evil star of his destiny. He was less happy as Romeo the lover than as Romeo the man of action. Mr. Waller reached the high-water mark of his performance in the scene in Friar Laurence's cell, when Romeo learns of his banishment. Throughout this whole scene the actor, in voice and countenance, gave a harrowing picture of Romeo's utter despair.

Miss Evelyn Millard, whom it is a pleasure to welcome back upon the boards, made a sympathetic and beautiful Juliet. But, just as Mr. Waller was the man, she was the woman, and there was a chastened air about her final scenes which would be in keeping with a Juliet more mature than Shakespeare drew her.

E. C. S.

Mr. Lewis Waller as "Romeo"

The Grafton Hunt Steeplechases at Towcester

The field taking the stiffest jump in the Towcester Selling Steeplechase, won by Mr. T. Mackley's "Lord of the Vale" (H. Jackson up)

Mr. J. A. Scorror's "Miss Doods" (H. Jackson up)

Wins the big race, the Towcester Handicap Steeplechase Plate, for the second year in succession

"Doncaster Rock," ridden by the owner, Mr. W. Tyrwhitt Drake

Takes the water jump in great style, and wins the Grafton Hunt Plate

Photos by *Topical Agency*

The field taking the second jump in the big race of the day, the Towcester Handicap Steeplechase Plate of 300 sovs.

The Connoisseur

"Miniatures."

Many books have been written on this art, which may fairly claim to be largely English in character, but none contain so fully the artist's point of view as the fine volume in Messrs. Methuen's "Connoisseur's Library" Series, by Mr. Dudley Heath. On another page we give some reproductions of the these, and more than one hundred others, are excellently reproduced in "Miniatures." Many of those printed in three colours prove extremely effective, although there are those, too, which show somewhat careless handling. Judged by the standard of well-known books on the subject, such as the admirable work by Dr. Propert, the selection of examples for reproduction has been wisely carried

Portrait of a Gentleman. By Andrew Plimer
The property of Mr. Henry Drake. From "Miniatures" (Methuen)

Mary, Princess of Orange. By John Hoskins (signed I.H. 1644)
The property of the Duke of Buccleuch. From "Miniatures" (Methuen)

miniature portraits of beauties of the past, which are almost as fresh, and delicate, and vivid to-day as when the skilful painter in little, first essayed his subject. Roughly speaking, these are presented in chronological order, so that, at a glance, the reader may gather something of the genesis of the art from the time when Isaac Oliver and his son, Peter, led a great advance in the technique of portrait miniature, down to the time of Cosway, whose delicate, low-toned method is still the most popular. As becomes a writer steeped in the tradition of miniature painting, Mr. Heath teaches the advantage of a return to the classic period of the art, when the early Flemish skill and sincerity had been developed by the genius of Hans Holbein, and enlarged by such men as the Olivers, and Samuel Cooper, and John Hoskins, into such a fine decorative arrangement as is shown in the Anne of Denmark, or in the beauty and boldness of the James, Duke of York, or the character and refinement of the Sir Edmondbury Godfrey. All out. From the fifteenth-century miniature on vellum, of Philip the Good, now first reproduced and admirably printed in colours, to the various styles of the present day, the story of this engaging art is told by means of characteristic paintings from the four clearly marked schools—Tudor, Stuart, Georgian, and modern. To these are added many excellent foreign works, such as the Du Barri, painted in *gouache* by Jacques Charlier, of which we give a reproduction, or the Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, in enamel, attributed to Liotard. Apart from the making of an historical account of the art of miniature, decorated with reproductions, which may stimulate the amateur to wider study of the originals, we are inclined to think that the *bon motif* of this volume is to be found in an indirect appeal by the writer to miniaturists of to-day to turn from their too devoted an appreciation of Cosway to the study of Holbein and the Stuart masters. If this work can do anything in that direction, the art itself, as well as the interested amateur, will be greatly indebted to the author.

E. M.

Charles Heath, Engraver. By Andrew Robertson
The property of Mr. Lionel Heath
From "Miniatures" (Methuen)

BEAUTIES OF THE PAST

Frances Howard, Countess of Essex. By Isaac Oliver

The property of the Duke of Buccleuch

Anne of Denmark, Queen of James I. of England. By Isaac Oliver

The property of Major-General Sotheby

Frances, Duchess of Richmond ("La Belle Stewart"). By Samuel Cooper, 1655

The property of the Duke of Buccleuch

Rosalba Carriera. By Herself

The property of the Duke of Portland

Mrs. Fitzherbert. By Richard Cosway

The miniature worn by Mrs. Fitzherbert is that of the Regent, also painted by Cosway. The property of Sir Tollemache Sinclair

The Countess du Barri. By Jacques Charlier

The property of Sir T. Sinclair

MINIATURE PORTRAITS BY FAMOUS ARTISTS

The Princess Amelia. By Andrew Robertson

The property of His Majesty the King

FROM MR. DUDLEY HEATH'S VOLUME ON "MINIATURES" (METHUEN)

A Woman's Note Book

One of the most irritating features of the present generation is its tendency (to use a vulgar phrase) towards "talking shop." The other day I travelled with two young fellows, clerks in some shipbuilding firm, who were off on a holiday: we were passing through the most delightful scenery, and one might have supposed my fellow passengers would have left the dry and dusty subject of the "office" alone. But, no. They discussed ships, and accounts, and estimates, masters, clerks, wages, and repairs, till my nerves were in a distracted state, and my head began to swim. I looked volumes of reproach over the daily paper; they did not even see me, so I got out at the next station, and chose a compartment where I could study the country in peaceful solitude, undisturbed by these over-arduous youths. But it is typical of what usually occurs. Go to any large social assembly; a doctor will thread his way painfully through the crowd, drawn by the attraction of the most good-natured victim willing to consider cures and experiments; clergymen cannot be long together before "the Church" floats upon the ears of the surrounding laity; and if you get a mechanical genius into your house, your entire water and lighting system may be thrown off its balance at any moment. Yet there *are* professions in which this excessive devotion is considered bad taste, and I do not see why it should not be so in all. The man with a profession is becoming fully as boring as the man with a hobby, and cannot be persuaded to confine his work to its proper hours, or even keep it exclusively for those with the same tastes. Instead, he must ride it to death for the benefit—doubtful benefit—of a miscellaneous and uninterested audience.

Photo by *Advance Agency*

A rare yellow Poppy, from Tibet

Known as the "Meconopsis Integrifolia," this rare flower was discovered by a special mission sent out by Messrs. Veitch. It was on view for the first time in Europe at the Horticultural Show, Westminster

I think, perhaps, writers offend the least in this particular. Whatever may be said of the conceit and hauteur (they are a much maligned race) of literary men, and still more of literary women, they take a broader view of things in general, and a more wide-ranging, varied interest in questions of the day than the majority of mankind. That this is due in some sort to their profession, which may be said to include within it anything which is of human interest, I do not deny; but when any situation strikes them as useful for their work, and suggests "copy" at every turn, even though they are of an enthusiastic disposition, as a rule, they have the decency not to mention it. They are so much less technical than those who follow other professions, and, consequently, better all-round conversationalists and companions.

It is really the business spirit of a commercial age which is at fault. This spirit *rages*, and with a total disregard of good manners, it is perpetually finding itself uppermost. People go to such extremes, and women are especially culprits in this particular. A woman seems to think that, because she may now adopt almost any occupation, she may not only talk of it, but pursue it everywhere and upon the most inopportune occasions. The woman who farms, manages a market garden, sells flowers, fruit, vegetables, or any other produce, may be a most industrious member of the community, and is certainly not doing anything derogatory to her dignity; but when this same personage, though by courtesy she bears the title of a lady, practically canvasses for orders in the drawing-rooms of her friends, or does business out of business hours with her own social equals, we wish again for the manners and reticence of the past. Yet this behaviour not only occasionally takes place, but is passed over without remark by those who, having hastily adopted a new state of affairs, have also lost their heads over it.

Of course, men do not go to these extremes. There is a law of etiquette in their professions which, unfortunately, does not seem to be fixed for their sisters. No man dreams of doing business in what a woman would call a *friendly* way; but of late years the habit of "talking" business has become a universal craze and curse. The lawyer whose morning paper furnishes him with nothing but legal cases to discuss at a dinner party, or the doctor whose enthusiasm responds alone to radium and hynotism, is surely out of place in general society. As a defence, it is argued that this earnestness in his profession not only argues well for the future, but also proves the worth of a man; yet every kind of work is the better for whole-hearted recreation, and no man is more worthy because he has allowed himself to become rather mad upon one subject. In these hurrying days, leisure is at a discount; but there is nothing to prove the new method is more successful in producing talented men and women.

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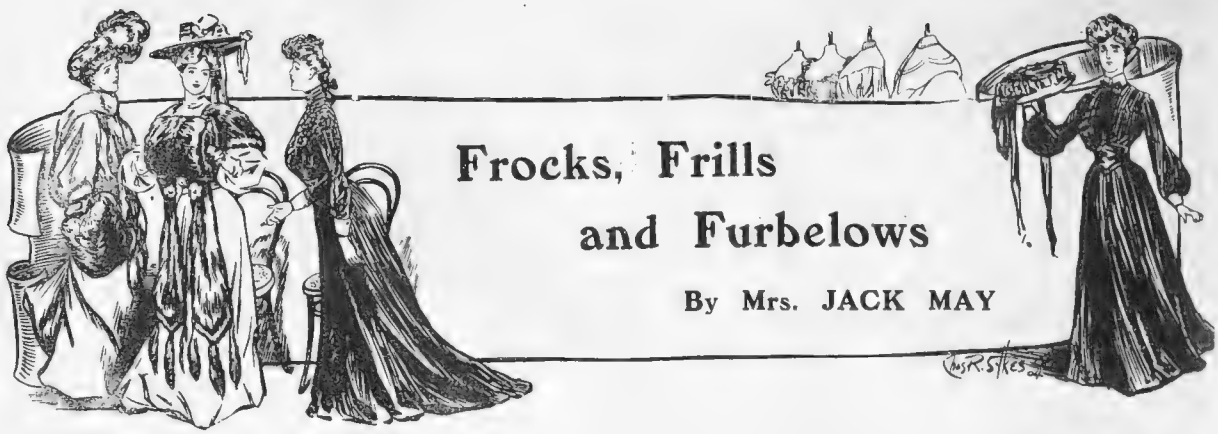

Frocks, Frills and Furbelows

By Mrs. JACK MAY

The majority will almost have ceased to make holiday when these words appear in print, and will have returned to face the fray of the London season proper; although events mostly move fairly and reasonably until Ascot week, after which, the social wheel gathers an impetus that is apt to try the sturdiest.

Ah me! how I hope there will be another Czardas this year at Ascot. What a nice little "*coup*" I made last year; and fate for once was kind, because a puncture, as we motored down, only just landed us on the Course in time for the race, and then everybody said "Don't." But I did. And memory also recalls the advent, that same day, of the taffeta coatee. It was worn by a smart little woman, whose modistic premonitions were almost uncanny, expressed in a shot green and golden brown taffeta, and worn with a fine spotted muslin and lace skirt. I remember being immensely struck by her appearance, and proportionately annoyed when several dull people queried its elegant possibilities; one exceptionally idiotic male relation declining to be seen in close proximity to its wearer.

A dainty slip of fancy spot net and appliqué lace

The usual feverish anxiety as to enclosure tickets has set in, and those doubtful of the privilege are already courting plausible pretexts for leaving town during the week. Taking it all through, save for the elect few, the season is chiefly a series of heart-burnings, and I am not at all sure but that the country and provincial girl, who contrives a week or fortnight's Academy or theatre jaunt, with, perhaps, if she is exceptionally lucky, an afternoon at Ranelagh or Hurlingham, does not get the best heartwhole enjoyment out of it all.

The Tempestuous Petticoat

I put it to every woman: does not the conscious possession of an irreproachable *jupon* render one amiably disposed towards the entire world? I wa trying to draw a parellel, with man the other day over the sensation of a clean, perfectly got-up shirt; but somehow it did not come off. Now, just let me describe a few of the washin petticoats of th moment. Picture a deep flounce of French lawn divided into shapely sections, each one worked by hand, with a raised hand-embroidery, and united by the finest veinings. Or again, a double flounce of muslin and lace sandwiching a third removable *volant* of frilled taffeta; then silk petticoats are privileged to carry adjustable flounces of lace and muslin, embroidered lawn or esprit net, the latter decorated with a plethora of tiny ribbon ruches. Broderie à Jour is a distinctive feature on the more sturdy silk petticoats, while all, of any self-respecting virtues, are immensely full at the foot, the actual petticoat, together with the ineritable flounces, lavishly frilled to bring about the requisite *frou-frou* effect. With such petticoats as these—very hosts in themselves—it is quite possible to dispense with a skirt foundation. Indeed, quite an appreciable number of the walking skirts, more especially those

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A picturesque evening toilette of satin
(Drawn by K. Pleydell Young)

that are pleated, are considered to hang better without a *doublure*.

There is a showy, inexpensive petticoat that carries a ruched edged accordion-pleated flounce in *brillanté* that is selling well, although, personally, I should feel inclined to give it a wide berth, foreseeing the draggled appearance of that *plissé* flounce, after a short time of wear. But the outrageously cheap petticoat is ever doubtful wisdom, one of those misplaced economies that spells ultimate ruin to the small allowance.

The Inevitable

A text that, to the sharp-witted, will not appear in the least ambiguous. The blouse in its many

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MARSHALL & SNELGROVE.

Smart Blouse of Ninon de Soie, in Ivory, Sky, or Champagne; yoke of Ecru Lace, with slight touch of colour introduced, small buttons to match, and deep folded - satin waistband.

98/6

VERE STREET and OXFORD STREET, W.

INSURE AGAINST BALDNESS GREYNESS, AND FALLING HAIR.

TATCHO

I guarantee that this preparation is made according to the formulæ recommended by me.

Geo R Sims

EVERY USER BECOMES A LIVING TESTIMONIAL TO THE POWERS OF "TATCHO."

Since arrangements of a business nature were completed by Mr. GEO. R. SIMS, Playwright and Author, by which the world might benefit by his discovery of "Tatcho" *for the growth of the hair*, hundreds of thousands have paid tribute to him for this remarkable specific. Many business men and women say that they attribute the fact that they keep their berths to their being able to retain their hair in a *youthful and wholesome condition.* Unconsciously, thousands for the want of this simple precaution have found the first nail driven into the coffin of their business career.

Every year the cry

"TOO OLD AT 40"

becomes more acute. When Professor Osler, who recently took the chair as Professor of Medicine at Oxford, said that people should be chloroformed at 60, he was not taken seriously.

How true it would have been if Professor Osler had said that, so far from being able to earn a living, the bald-headed and grey-haired might as well be

"CHLOROFORMED AT 40."

Now there is a remedy for all this if people will but apply for it. That remedy is Mr. GEO. R. SIMS' "Tatcho." Autograph letters have recently appeared in the public press from Officers high in authority in the Army and Navy, well-known Doctors, and Society Leaders, all testifying *in the most unmistakable terms* to the efficacy of "Tatcho" in bringing on the hair and nourishing grey hair, by natural process, back to its original rich colour.

The Discoverer of "Tatcho." *[Photo by Lavis.*

"Tatcho," Non-Oily, a brilliant, spirituous tonic, the colour of whisky, free from all grease. **"Tatcho," Oily**, a brilliant tonic, containing all the hair-growing properties of "Tatcho," Non-Oily, with the addition of an oil product for dry hair. **"Tatcho"** is not a dye, and contains no colouring matter, or any ingredient harmful to the scalp. **"Tatcho"** is sold by Chemists and Stores all over the world in bottles at **1/-, 2/9,** and **4/6.**

OUR SPECIAL OFFER.

Now, to answer all arguments, to let "Tatcho" show for itself *what it can do*, and to familiarise the public with it on terms within the reach of all, the Company have empowered their Chief Chemist to supply all applicants with

A FULL-SIZE 4/6 TRIAL BOTTLE OF "TATCHO," CARRIAGE PAID, FOR 1/10.

This is tantamount to *giving money away*; but what is its bearing on the object the Company have in view, that is, the placing of the genuine article on the toilet table of even the poorest in the land? Just this, that each user becomes *a living testimonial* to the powers of "Tatcho." A hundred thousand such users are of infinitely greater service than a *hundred thousand pounds* spent on press publicity. It is to this saving in publicity that the public owe the benefit of being able to obtain "Tatcho" on this mutually beneficial arrangement. Such is the Company's faith in the possibilities of "Tatcho." The rest is in your hands.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON.

THIS COUPON Entitles the Sender to a large **4/6** Trial Bottle for **1/10**

Carriage Paid. Bystander, May 3, 1905

"TATCHO" LABORATORIES, 5, Great Queen Street, Kingsway, LONDON.

varieties of slips and shirts, is, despite many reports, as much a factor to-day as ever it was. It is hopeless to attempt any adequate description of the filmy lawn and lace blouse, except to point out how the really exclusive design is to be recognised by its raised Swiss embroidery, together with a wealth of Valenciennes lace edging; and I am especially enamoured of a slip composed entirely of Valenciennes lace and fine embroidered lawn. There are, too, the very daintiest little affairs of painted, really printed, gauze, which accord charmingly with skirts of the favourite flowered or striped taffetas.

Among the simpler slips, there come some of delicately coloured, mercerised lawn and cotton voile, ornamented down centre front with a quantity of little Valenciennes lace frills, while others are tucked, and worn with fancifully devised, white muslin collar and cuffs. Respecting the heavier embroidered linen shirts, I have a small private conviction these will not acquire anything like the fashionable vogue predicted. They are produced too cheaply now to retain anything approaching the requisite exclusiveness. Fancies that the public love and are able to acquire invariably die young. But, at the same time, this embroidered linen shirt will die hard, for the cheap productions represent quite excellent value, and, after all, it is not so much the garment as how it is worn, and impressed by the personality of its wearer.

A Modish Model

I should mention, also, the prevalence of fancy, spotted net in the good cause of the slip, a simple suggestion for which is pictured here, the soft falling revers and epaulette outlined by an ecru insertion with a broken edge, so that it is worked into the net, of which it seems to form part.

The Distinction of a Satin Frock

Rapidly growing in favour again is a satin of heavier weight, although the quality still remains what we are pleased to call *souple*. This has, however, considerably more presence than the thin Liberty make, and is, consequently, infinitely better adapted to the creation of such a gown as is here illustrated. So many women find a gown such as this quite invaluable, since it is one that carries practically no date, is picturesque in appearance, and looks thoroughly good. Carried out in oyster white, I would suggest an opalesce net for the front panel, and lace of the Brussels appliqué order, always supposing it is necessary to buy the latter; but it is more than probable the picture will suggest the service of some cherished lace laid by, pending some such opportunity as is offered.

A Tit-Bit for the Children

When Messrs. Huntley and Palmer brought out their famed "Petit Beurre" biscuits, the world pronounced them the best thing of the kind ever produced. Doctors smiled upon them, and commended their nutritious properties, children clamoured for them, and a success written "instanter" has stood the test of time. But nothing ever yet existed without a rival, and one has surely arrived—again from the same famed factory—in the shape of the "Nursery Rhyme" biscuits. In the case of these confections, the eye is amused and the palate pleased, for each biscuit is stamped with some droll figure from a nursery rhyme. Of their guaranteed wholesomeness there is no call to speak, while, like their predecessors, "Petit Beurre," they are only slightly sweetened, a further similarity being found in their price, sixpence a pound, and sixty biscuits or so go to a pound.

The Menu: Dainty Dishes for Spring-time

Lambs' Sweetbreads
Crème de Veau
Asparagus, with Tarragon Sauce
Chocolate Soufflé

LAMBS' SWEETBREADS

Trim round six lambs' sweetbreads, soak them in water for two hours, scald them in boiling salted water three minutes, and put them between two plates to get cold. Fry in 1 oz. of butter till coloured, and put them in a stewpan with half a pint of good stock; add a little chopped parsley, pepper, salt, a pinch of sugar, and six button mushrooms. Let them stew twenty minutes. Serve with the sauce.

CRÈME DE VEAU

Take 1 lb. of fillet of veal, pound it in a mortar with an equal part of milk panada. Well mix, then stir in the beaten yoke of one egg and the whipped whites of two, and sufficient cream to make it into a paste, add a little pepper and salt to taste. Place this in well-buttered dariole moulds, which have been previously decorated with strips and pieces of truffle and tongue stamped in different devices. Steam for an hour—be sure and do not let it boil. Turn out and serve with either tomato sauce or a purée of spinach.

TARRAGON SAUCE, WITH ASPARAGUS

This sauce is very good served with plainly boiled asparagus. Take a small handful of tarragon, and boil it in three-quarters of a pint of milk. When it is quite soft, take it out of the saucepan, chop it up finely, pass it through a hair sieve, and afterwards mix with it a small piece of butter. Then melt 1 oz. of butter in a saucepan, add ½ oz. of flour, mix thoroughly, and add gradually the milk (strained) in which the tarragon was boiled. Stir the sauce thoroughly, and, when it is quite smooth, and has boiled up two or three times, add (off the fire) the yolk of an egg beaten up with a little cold white stock, and then the tarragon purée, taking care not to add so much as would make the flavour of the tarragon in the sauce too strong. Finish the sauce by adding a tablespoonful of cream, and serve at once.

CHOCOLATE SOUFFLÉ

Required: Three whole eggs and one extra white, 4 oz. of good chocolate, 1 oz. of butter, ¾ oz. of flour, ½ oz. of castor sugar, vanilla essence, 1 gill of milk. Grate the chocolate, mix the milk gradually to it, then stir over the fire till smooth. Melt the butter, stir in the flour, then add the milk and chocolate gradually, stirring them in smoothly; then stir them over the fire until they boil. Let the mixture cool slightly, then add the yolks of the eggs, one by one, and about a teaspoonful of vanilla. Whip the whites to a very stiff froth, and add them lightly to the mixture. Then put it in a prepared tin, and steam it from forty to sixty minutes. Serve immediately with a sweet sauce. To prepare the tin: Brush it over with melted butter, and line it with buttered paper, to come two inches above the tin.

EMILIA.

PETER ROBINSON'S, OXFORD ST.

A BEAUTIFUL FASHION-BOOK. 96 PAGES. GRATIS AND POST FREE.

PETER ROBINSON, LTD.

OXFORD ST.

beg to announce the publication of a further edition of their

"FASHIONS OF TO-DAY,"

the Book which was pronounced last Season the finest ever issued.

A COPY WILL BE SENT FREE TO ANY LADY WRITING FOR THE SAME.

The accompanying illustration is a specimen page from the book.

The IRENE.

Charming Gown for Evening Wear, in Crêpe de Chiné, trimmed Gaugings and Satin Ribbon, dotted with tiny Silver Sequins, lined throughout Glacé Silk. **8** Guineas.

If made to special measures **10/6** extra.

The CONSTANCE.

Smart Visiting Gown, in Soft Taffeta Silk, trimmed Gauging, Panné Velvet and Lace, lined best quality Glacé Silk. **10½** Guineas.

In Floral Chiné Silk or Crêpe de Chiné, **11½** Guineas.

CARRIAGE PAID ON ALL PURCHASES to any part of the United Kingdom or the Channel Islands.

BRIDGE: Our New Competition

FIRST QUARTERLY BRIDGE COMPETITION, *with a Weekly Competition running concurrently.*

Prizes: WEEKLY Competition—First Prize each week: Two Guineas.

SECOND and THIRD PRIZES: A "BYSTANDER" Bridge Case—value £1 1*s.* each.

QUARTERLY COMPETITION PRIZE: £10 10 0 in Cash to the Competitor who gains the greatest number of marks in the Thirteen Weekly Competitions.

PRIZEWINNERS

FOURTH WEEK—PROBLEMS X.-XII.

Six competitiors obtained full marks; and from these we have selected the three sets of solutions best entitled to prizes.

1st PRIZE, Two Guineas, is awarded to:

Frederick E. Chappell, Esq, Hermitage Hotel, Le Touquet, Paris Plage. Par Etaples (P. de C.)

2nd and 3rd PRIZES, consisting of BYSTANDER Bridge Cases:

Mrs. M. L. Benson, Saumarez Place, Gravées, Guernsey.

R. A. Jenkins, Esq., I.C.S., Westville, Linden Road, Bexhill-on-Sea.

QUARTERLY COMPETITION.—The following are the marks gained by competitors for solving the fourth week's problems in our Quarterly Competition:

15, Hermitage, Sunny Jim, Raniput, Viking, Miles, Tylhus; 14, Scrutator, Special Scotch, Swansfield, Watadam; 13, Noxious, Pellon, L. S. D., Bijou, Lance Fieldoak, Zyp; 12, Mate, Aristotle, Bridge of Sighs, C. A. M.; 11, Pons, Ap Twm, No-Trumps, Electricity, Simplex; 10, Peter, Puffin Boy, Zif I., Zif II., Trial, Bulbs, Strategy, Luppy, Kirkland I., Common, Pul, Toil, Diana, P. M. S., Oltonia, Willimoteswick, Brown Cat; 9, Eblow, Mad, Badger, Purley, Fantôme, Inga, Cave Canem, Eileen, Captain Cuttle, Ina I., Ina II., White Cat, Trixie; 8, Tic-Tac, Mammon, Mucross, Simplicity, Dogger, Moth, Laleham, Arrow; 7, Essem, Kirkland II.; 6, Blockhead, Falesp, Not 'Arf, Waverley, Dots, Darkie, Ernst, Alexander; 5, Crocks, Melai, Pelican, Three Feathers, Mugwump, Chlorodyne, Cumtux, Joker, Oregon, Arms, Yellow Cat; 4, Fen, Lucia, Garrison, Hockey, Notxum, Sauchieleigh, Tare, Star; 3, Bruce's Spider.

F. E. C.—We have allotted you the *nom de guerre*					"Hermitage."
A. N. B.	,,	,,	,,	,,	"Pellon."
M. P. S.	,,	,,	,,	,,	"Trial."
R. I.	,,	,,	,,	,,	"Top."
E. A. W. E.	,,	,,	,,	,,	"Arms."
L. P.	,,	,,	,,	,,	"Arrow."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Falsep. You have been marked.

SOLUTIONS.—PROBLEMS X.—XII.

PROBLEM X.—No-trumps. It is a rather light call; but it is too good a hand to leave. It is rather better than the minimum no-trump call, as fixed by the authorities, for it is two queens and a ten above the average hand. The only question about it really is, whether you can reckon hearts a protected suit; and, unless the king, knave, or ace, knave, are on your left, it is, so that you are justified in taking the risk at love-all.

PROBLEM XI.—Leave it. It is no use in the world, at the score, to make a defensive spade declaration, because it is no defence. The probability is great that spades will be doubled; and, if you do not lose two tricks and the game, your adversaries can go out on the odd trick in any suit next hand. Your only chance is that your partner holds a good hand, and you had better let him make the trump that suits it.

PROBLEM XII.—Leave it. It is just a diamond call, a light one; and, at the score, the odd trick in diamonds is not good enough for you. If your partner declares hearts or no-trumps you have excellent support. You must take the risk of his calling spades.

SOLUTIONS.—PROBLEMS VII.—IX.

(Held over from last week)

PROBLEM VII.—Declare hearts. It is a weak call, but the safest at the score. The ruff of spades increases its trick-taking capacity, or if your partner is strong in them gives you useful discards. If your partner has any backing, you will make the odd; if he is strong, you may go out.

PROBLEM VIII.—Leave it. You are not strong enough to call a heart or no-trump, but you have good support to any call your partner makes.

PROBLEM IX.—Leave it. It is just a diamond call; but at the beginning of the rubber, if you cannot score heavily in diamonds, it is as well to give your partner a chance of going hearts or no-trumps; and in that case you have very good backing for him.

What You Have to Do this Week

1. Below, three problems are set. You have to answer them. Thus, with Problem XVI., if you think the right answer is "No Trumps," take half a sheet of notepaper and write the words "No Trumps." After that, you say, in as few words as possible, your reason for the declaration.

2. For a coupon, cut off the two lines on the back cover, "Printed and published by George Robert Parker, etc., etc.," and stick this token on the top of your solutions. The solutions of the competition given herewith must reach the office not later than the first post on Monday, May 8, addressed to "The Bridge Editor," THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C., and marked at top of left side of envelope, "Competition."

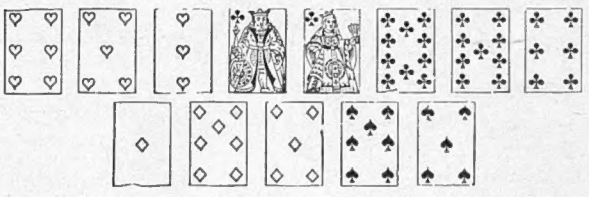
Sixth Weekly Competition

WHAT DO YOU DO AS DEALER, AND WHY?

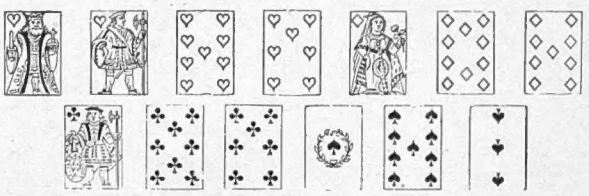
PROBLEM XVI.—SCORE: 16-all.

PROBLEM XVII.

SCORE: Dealer, 24; Adversaries, 20.



PROBLEM XVIII.—SCORE: Love-all.



Unless otherwise specified, it is the first game of the rubber.

NOTE.—*Competitors abroad, whose solutions reach us a reasonable time after the specified date, will nevertheless receive marks, and be eligible for prizes, should they gain them.*

GENUINE

DE DION-BOUTON

1905 — CARS — 1905

6 H.-P.	8 H.-P.	10 H.-P.	12 H.-P.	15 H.-P.
£185	£240	£320	£410	£580

WHY PAY MORE?

"MASS" AUTOMOBILES

8 H.-P. TONNEAU.	10 H.-P. TONNEAU.	12-14 H.-P. TONNEAU.	18-24 H.-P. SIDE ENTRANCE.
De Dion Engine.	2 Cylinders.	4 Cylinders.	4 Cylinders.
£185	£275	£350	£475

Simple, Silent, Successful.

Any Make of Car Supplied at Special Rates.

"The car contains some of the best features of the expensive Mercedes Car."
—*Motoring Illustrated*, 25/3/05.

LANCASTER MOTOR GARAGE, Offices: 1a, Lancaster Gate, London, W.

Workshops and Garage: 6, Silver Street, Notting Hill Gate, W.

A. F. KING, Manager (late Manager, Fitting and Repairs Dept., De Dion-Bouton, Ltd.)

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Motor Oils and Lubricants

Viz:

"CYCLOPS" (thick) for gear-wheels
"CASTORINE" A. for air-cooled engines
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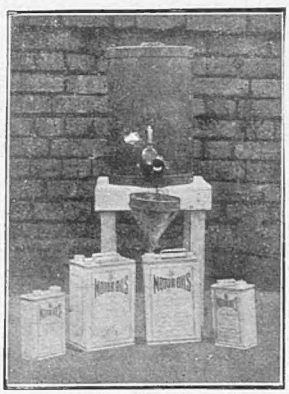
"FONDROLINE" for drip-feed Lubricators and various parts of car



Sold in 5-gallon drums, with convenient screw bung and tap, funnel, and substantial understand.

Also two 1-gallon and two 1-quart cans (empty), with special lip, nozzle, and air-vent.

Complete Set,

22/6

As per Illustration.

Sold also in 1-gallon and 1-quart canisters, 4/6 and 1/6 each, or in

Customers' own Drums at 3s. 6d. per Gallon

Cyclops (Solidified for road wheels) in tins, 9d. each

LIVETT FRANK & SON

22, Borough High Street, London Bridge.

WORKS:—270, BOROUGH HIGH STREET, S.E.

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THE EDITOR'S BOX

A Boon to Flat-Hunters

Our readers who are on the look-out for a flat for the coming season in London will find their task considerably easier this year by means of a novel and admirably planned feature in our contemporary, the *Evening Standard and St. James's Gazette*. For years past, the unfortunate flat-hunter has been obliged to wade through columns of advertisements of indiscriminately assorted flats, and many a wild-goose chase has resulted from following up mysterious references to flats in unspecified parts of London. The *Evening Standard* has adopted an excellent system, by which all the "Flats" advertisements are *classified* according to district and inserted under separate headings, as "Mayfair and St. James," "Kensington and South Kensington," etc. The flat-hunter can thus see at a glance what there is available from day to day in his or her favourite locality, and can, if necessary, visit all the most likely flats in that district in the course of a morning. The list published daily in the *Evening Standard and St. James's Gazette* is a very complete one, and includes all the principal blocks of flats in London, nearly a whole page being given up to this feature.

The Lyceum

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Fife, and many other distinguished personages, have accorded their patronage to a matinée, which is to be given on Tuesday, May 16, at the Lyceum Theatre, in aid of the Nelson Widows' Relief Fund. Mr. Thomas Barrasford has lent the theatre for the occasion, and already many of London's most popular artistes have promised their services.

Liège Exhibition

On and after the 1st inst., the service by the Harwich route between London and Liège will be greatly accelerated. Passengers leaving Liverpool Street Station at 8.40 p.m. will be due at Liège at noon the following day. Dining and breakfast cars will be attached to the boat trains between Liverpool Street Station and Parkeston Quay, Harwich. By this service passengers are enabled to enjoy a night's rest and breakfast on the steamer before landing at Antwerp. Through carriages will run from alongside the steamer to Liège, and vice versâ. The Great Eastern Railway Company have also arranged for cheap return tickets, available for seven days, in connection with the exhibition, which will enable passengers to break their journey at Brussels.

The Rush for the "Gaiety"

Nothing has more strongly evidenced the spreading disinclination of those in comfortable circumstances to put up with the worries of servants and housekeeping, than the numerous applications for the self-contained residential suites in the palatial New Gaiety Restaurant and Hotel. Spacious, well lighted, and classically decorated, the moderate rental of £100 to £300 per annum, inclusive of service, carries with it all the advantages of the highest-class cuisine and the privacy of a mansion or a fashionable flat. Quite a further feature is the seating of the "Gaiety Restaurant" and the grill room; around the sides of these dining halls the tables are seated for parties of four, and are practically a series of cosy corners lighted by a subdued electric glow. The "Gaiety" band of stringed performers has been selected from the finest professional artists in London, and should become very popular at the numerous dances already booked for the beautiful and unrivalled ballroom. Adjoining the Gaiety Theatre, and in the very centre of the Metropolis, everything promises that the new restaurant and hotel will become the most attractive of resorts.

An Omission

Last week we published a page of illustrations representing Mr. Tree in the various rôles he played during the Shakespeare festival at His Majesty's Theatre. The central figure was Malvolio, from the well-known study by Charles Buchel. We omitted to say that we were enabled to reproduce this study by kind permission of Mr. Carl Hentschel, who holds the copyright.

St. George's Hall

Mr. Maskelyne is now firmly established in "England's New Home of Mystery" at St. George's Hall, Langham Place, and is offering a programme which, in more than one sense, may be termed wonderful. An exhibition of Japanese jugglery by M. Gintaro; a selection of gems of animated photography lead up to the magical episode entitled "St. Valentine's Eve," a playlet which tells the remarkable adventures of an old bachelor, his housekeeper, and a valentine. Mr. David Devant next gives a selection from a very comprehensive repertory of magical problems, illusions, and diversions, concluding his entertainment with the aid of his clever sister, Miss Dora Devant, with a seance entitled "The Sylph," a mystery of the air. Mr. Maskelyne then presents his famous illusion entitled "Oh! or The Mahatmas Outdone." It may not be possible for a person to be in two places at once in the workaday world, but at St. George's Hall this is a common experience, and Mr. Maskelyne demonstrates it, if not to the satisfaction, at least to the mystification, of the audience by causing a person to be held by members of the audience, and while in durance vile precipitating him through space. Truly a wonderful show.

Our Coloured Supplement

This week we present a Coloured Supplement entitled "In Maiden Meditation" by C. H. Taffs, whose work, both in colours and in pen and ink, is familiar to our readers. A further instance of the wisdom of following the maxim, "Order your BYSTANDER early," is afforded by the fact that in case of a reprint of the issue, the Coloured Supplements cannot be supplied with the late copies.

THE BEST . .

Prism Field Glasses

(AITCHISON'S PATENT)

The "SIRDAR"

NUMBER INDICATES MAGNIFICATION.

No. 6	..	£5 0 0	No. 10	..	£6 0 0
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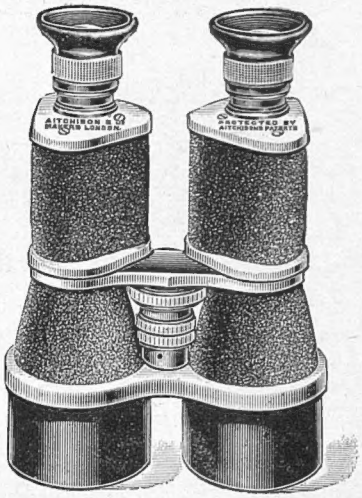
MONOCULAR (SINGLE TUBE) GLASSES HALF ABOVE PRICES.

Sent carriage paid to any place where parcels post is in operation on receipt of remittance.

Many Improvements. Large Object Glasses.

(PATENT) Variable Diaphragms.



The Body is turned from a casting all in one piece, so absolute rigidity is secured.

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Opticians to H.M. Government.
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